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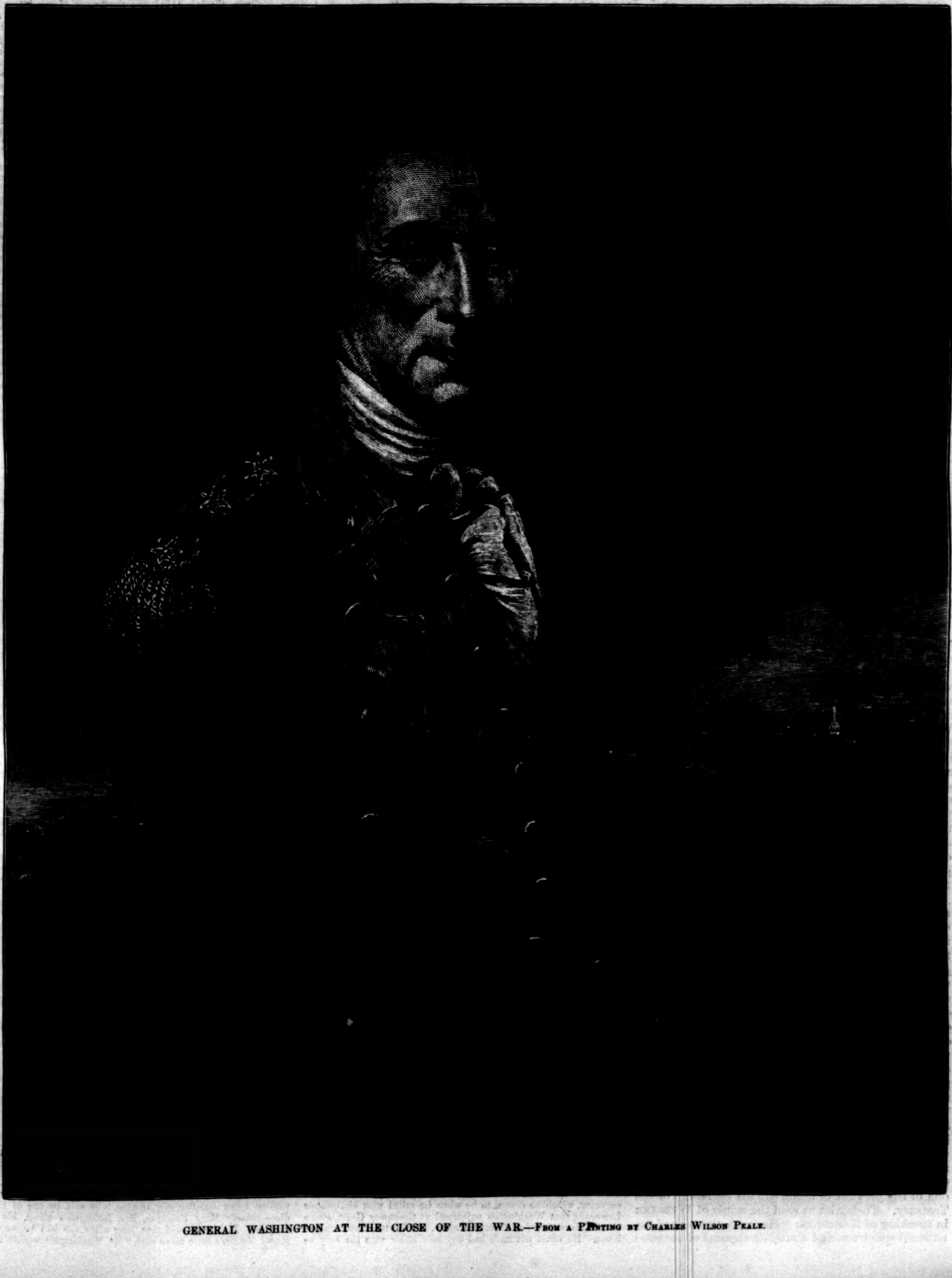

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE.

A GREAT NUMBER OF THE "WEEKLY."

The Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *to be issued on May 8th will be a Double Number, and will contain a complete pictorial record of the chief features of the* WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Number devoted to the Inauguration of PRESIDENT HARRISON *excited universal admiration, but even that will be outdone in amplitude, interest, and artistic excellence by the Number of next week.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1689, WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

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THE CENTENARY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY devotes this issue mainly to the great commemoration of the inauguration of the government and of WASHINGTON. There is universal harmony of opinion upon the event and the man, and to-day we shall remember only the fundamental facts upon which all Americans agree. No people had ever worthier reason for pride in a great occasion and its representative than Americans in the Constitution and in WASHINGTON. The consciousness of this truth is shown by the profound interest which the prospect of commemoration has produced in the public mind and the extraordinary preparations for its due and prolonged observance. A nation in its high hour of imperial power and prosperity looks back a hundred years to its obscure and doubtful beginning; and by a striking coincidence at the very moment of the commemoration the amazing miracle of its growth and development is illustrated by the vast swarm of people which upon a designated day overspreads a vast territory far to the southwest, which was an unknown and pathless wilderness a hundred years ago, and within a few days peacefully improvises a State, with its population and its political and industrial organization, adapting themselves to familiar conditions, and becoming presently an integral part of the national Union. The occupation of Oklahoma is an epitome of the occupation of the continent which the century has witnessed. The shivering and doubtful group of communities which skirted the Atlantic coast in 1789, with a scant four millions of people united by a crumbling tie, a jarring group despised by Europe and secretly distrustful of its own independent continuance, is succeeded by the continental republic of to-day, a foremost nation of the world, in which, man for man, and with all doubts and abatements conceded, the average of intelligence and well-being is higher than in any other historical community.

The spell that has wrought this marvel is the American character and ability which made the Constitution, and which committed to WASHINGTON the organization of the government. It was, as he said at the time, and as was generally said until the civil war, an experiment. WASHINGTON calls it so in his inaugural address, and WEBSTER in his speech on WASHINGTON'S centennial birthday; and it was WASHINGTON'S character and sagacity combined which gave it the impulse of success. He had the true genius of a great administrator. He chose his agents with singular wisdom, and he presided over the whole administration of affairs with supreme judgment, clear perception, and unquailing courage. An admirable illustration of this power, as MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS pointed out some years ago in a public address, was his course in regard to neutrality in the beginning of the Napoleonic wars. No man in the country was more fitted than Mr. ADAMS to treat the subject, for as Minister in England during the civil war he had the most vital reasons for making himself thorough master of the question. But the signal illustration of this sagacity of WASHINGTON in undertaking the greatest task of his life, and, upon the whole, the greatest task of statesmanship that history records, was his selection of the chief officers of the government who were to be his own counsellors. With unerring instinct, at a time when only the indications of party difference were manifest, he included in his council the two chief representatives of the diverging views, in order that the government itself should be established by the consent of all, and that party differences should involve only policies of administration, and not the existence of the government itself. With wisest foresight and comprehension he made JEFFERSON Secretary of State. With the same just instinct, when the immediate and crucial question, which had dissolved the Confederation, and by the threat of anarchy had compelled the adoption of the Constitution, was the question of finance, he made one of the greatest of financiers his Secretary of the Treasury. To-day let us read the words of WEBSTER in speaking of HAMILTON: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprung upon its feet." The functions of the Supreme Court seemed to many shrewd minds to import its absolute dominance in the new constitutional system, and with consummate wisdom WASHINGTON placed at its head a man whose character, like his own, allayed apprehension. "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on JOHN JAY it touched nothing not as spotless as itself."

These are but illustrations of the lofty ability with which WASHINGTON addressed himself to his task, and which in the retrospect makes his administration apparently indispensable to the successful organization of the government under the Constitution. Such great names and events, however, irresistibly suggest a question which can never be more timely than to-day. These were the public men, and these men measure the public life, of a hundred years ago, when New York was a city of thirty-two or three thousand people, and the experimental Union was composed of eleven of the thirteen States of the Revolution. What is the standard of our public life to-day? In addressing Congress in his inaugural speech, WASHINGTON said that in the character of the members he held the surest pledges:

"that as on one side no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests, so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and the pre-eminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world."

He added that he dwelt on the prospect with every satisfaction—

"since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained."

These were not sentimental and visionary politics a hundred years ago. They were the views of the greatest American. They were the principles by which he organized the government, which without him and without those views would not have been organized. They are the principles and views which prevailed in the civil war, and the great figure of ABRAHAM LINCOLN reminds us that the ideals of the WASHINGTON epoch still survive. Those ideals, those principles and politics, are commemorated with universal honor as essentially and distinctively American by the imposing celebration of these days. They are as practicable now as a hundred years ago, and by them alone can the great work begun by WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON and HAMILTON and JAY be perpetuated in increasing beneficence to future generations.

WASHINGTON AS LOVER AND POET.

WHO was Washington's "Lowland beauty"? Bishop Meade pronounced her Mary Cary, who married Edward Ambler; Lossing declared her Mary Bland. Others have said Lucy Grimes, who married Henry Lee, and became the mother of "Light-horse Harry" (of whom Washington was so fond), and grandmother of General Robert E. Lee. Some have surmised Miss Eilbeck, a beauty of Charles County, Maryland, who married George Mason; others Anne Daniel, one of his Stafford cousins. Of late years the opinion has gained that the lady was Sally Cary, who became the wife of George William Fairfax. This has been hitherto my own conviction, based on certain letters found among the papers of Mrs. Fairfax at her death, at Bath, England (1811), at the age of eighty-one. It now appears to me certain that the "Lowland beauty"—Washington's first love—was Miss Betsy Fauntleroy. Under date of 20th May, 1752, Washington writes to "William Fauntleroy, Sr.":

"SIR,—I should have been down long before this, but my business in Frederick detained me somewhat longer than I expected, and immediately upon my return from thence I was taken with a violent pleurise, which has reduced me very low; but purpose, as soon as I recover my strength, to wait on Miss Betsy, in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence, and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor. I have enclosed a letter to her, which should be much obliged to you for the delivery of it. I have nothing to add but my best respects to your good lady and family."

As William Fauntleroy, Sen., had a granddaughter named Elizabeth, it is a fair inference that she was the Betsy referred to. That she was the "Lowland beauty" may be inferred from the fact that the letter in which this phrase occurs, though undated, bears evidence of having been written about the time which the probabilities of such explanation suggest. The letter is addressed "Dear Friend Robin"—possibly Robert Washington of Chotauk, affectionately remembered in his will—and the material part is as follows: "My place of residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister). But as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might eleviate in some measure my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion or etearnall forgetfulness, for as I am very well assured, that's the only antidote or remedy that I ever shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced, was I ever to attempt anything, I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness." This letter, written after George Fairfax's marriage (17th December, 1748), and before the journey to the Barbadoes (September, 1751), was probably written in the earlier part of 1751. It was while Lord Fairfax's surveyor, which he ceased to be when he sailed with his brother Lawrence, that Washington sojourned at Greenway Court, where he met Mary Cary (m. Edward Ambler, 1752), with a preoccupied heart. He could not have had any love affair with the lady so distantly alluded to in the "Lowland beauty" letter; and I have been led, by a letter just shown me, to believe that he had not then met her. Under date of 15th December, 1748, G. W. Fairfax writes his cousin Robert of Leeds Castle: "Attending here (Williamsburg) on the General Assembly I have had several opportunities of visiting Miss Cary, a daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary of Ceeleys, and finding her amiable person to answer all the favorable reports made, I addressed myself, and having obtained the young lady's and her parents' consent we are to be married on the 17th inst. Colonel Cary wears the same coat of arms as Lord Hansdon." If G. W. Fairfax had to find his opportunities for seeing Sally in her own neighborhood, it is not likely that the Fairfax surveyor, under seventeen years, had met her. The Fauntleroy letter quoted above points to an old disappointment; this and the earlier letter to "Robin" prove that no "Lowland beauty" could have charmed Washington, since he was fifteen, other than Betsy Fauntleroy, of the lower part of the Northern Neck.

Among the barons of the lower Rappahannock, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was Moore Fauntleroy, who supplanted an Indian tribe, conquered and bought its lands, gave no end of trouble to the rulers at Jamestown, and was altogether an imposing figure. His son William married Apphia Bushrod; their eldest son was William (1713–93), the father of the "Lowland beauty." She married an Adams—"probably," Dr. Slaughter tells me, "Ebenezer, the Virginia progenitor of the family, who settled first in Old Kent and moved to Henrico, where he had a large landed estate about 1748." Betsy thus became the mother of Thomas Adams, alumnus of William and Mary, signer of the Articles of Confederation, member of the Philadelphia Convention (1778–80). The Adamses have indeed long been a distinguished family in Virginia, whose Historical Society possesses certain "Adams Papers," from which its enterprising Secretary, Dr. Brock, may perhaps derive for us something concerning the personality of Betsy. For the present we must be content to know—and that is not little—that she was Washington's "Lowland beauty," and the inspirer of the two pretty sonnets to be presently given.

That a passion should be very serious for Washington at sixteen will not appear wonderful if it be remembered that he was surveyor of Culpeper at seventeen and major in the militia of Virginia at nineteen. But Washington was only a poor school-boy when—probably at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where Fauntleroys still reside—he fell in love with Betsy. His prudence, precocious as his affections, sealed his lips. With a grief in his heart he started out on his first survey. He wandered among the Indians and the rude Dutch pioneers, whom he describes as equally ignorant with the savages. In his first known letter to "Dear Richard" (probably Corbin) he says: "Since you received my letter in October last, I have not sleep'd above three nights or four in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bear-skin, which ever is to be had, with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire." It was under these circumstances that Washington composed two little poems in which the pain in his heart was embodied. I cannot discover that they have ever been published, but surely they merit a wide circulation, for they cast a tender light over the lonely lad eating his heart in the forest. I have copied them from the originals, and preserve the faults, which supply a needful time-perspective for the boyish poet's lays.

I.

"Oh Ye Gods why should my Poor restless Heart
Stand to oppose thy might, and Power
At last surrender to Cupid's feather'd Dart
And now lays bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes
And will not on me Pity take
I'll sleep amongst my most Inveterate Foes
And with gladness never wish to wake
In deluding sleepings let my Eyelids close
That in an enraptured dream I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day."

II.

"From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;
Rays you have more sparkling than the sun
A midst its glory in the rising Day,
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted Mind,
Equal to all, but will to none prove kind,
So knowing, seldom one so Young, you'l find
Ah! woe's me that I should love and conceal
Long have I wished, but never dare reveal
Even though severely Love's Pain I feel
Xerxes that great, wan't free from Cupid's Dart,
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart."

It would appear, by the first sonnet, that Washington found at the beginning of life what Voltaire found at its close, "Le bonheur n'est qu' un rêve, et la doleur est réelle." However, somewhere near his nineteenth year he made an effort to realize his dream, and received from Betsy his "cruel sentence." Then followed his dismal journey, with his invalid half-brother, to the Barbadoes; the small-pox suffered at Bermuda, which Betsy might not agree, with Parsons Weems, "marked his face rather agreeably than otherwise"; and after his return the pleurisy (February, 1752), which bequeathed him a pulmonary weakness. And then, alas, came his second rejection by Betsy Fauntleroy.

Such disappointments have caused ardent youths, many generations before *Locksley Hall* was written, to plunge into the wilderness. Washington was seized with a military ambition. He found a Dutchman in Fredericksburg, a fellow-Freemason, Jacob Van Braam, to give him fencing lessons. Jacob had served under Lawrence at Carthagena, and presently became interpreter and comrade of the younger brother. Two months after Washington sent his letter to Betsy through her grandfather, and was presumably rejected, the death of Lawrence made him master of Mount Vernon; but what was a grand homestead without Betsy? Two years later he wrote from the "Camp at Great Meadow" to his brother, "I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." The King heard of this, and said, "He would not say so if he had been used to hear many." His Majesty smiled at it as rodomontade; possibly he had never known the bitterness of disappointed love, the humiliations of poverty, the longing of undeveloped power for adequate action. "The very journey," says Edmund Randolph (MS. History of Virginia), "through a wilderness without a track opened by civilized man, and infested by Indians not friendly to the English, was truly formidable from its danger and fatigues. But the grandeur of the enterprise animated Washington to commence it on the very day of receiving his commission and instructions. Among the lovers of ease, and those who in the lap of luxury regarded the Western territory as doomed to perpetual savage rudeness, Washington was mentioned as an adventurer meritorious indeed, but below competition or envy." But presently he was the conquering hero, complimented by Governor and burgesses. It is said that when he was riding at the head of his escort through Williamsburg he saw his former sweetheart—now married—at a window, and saluted her with the wave of the sword. Whereupon she fainted.

Washington passed his twenty-fourth birthday in New York, being for a week the guest of Colonel Beverly Robinson. He spent one pound four shillings "treating ladies to ye microcosm," without being satisfactorily treated, it is said, by one of the ladies—namely Mary Phillipse, Mrs. Robinson's sister, his next charmer. It is also said that, long after she had become Mrs. Roger Morris, a little niece said, "Mr. Washington wouldn't be a

rebel if he'd married aunty." Perhaps, indeed, we have to thank this Tory dame for not smiling on the young Colonel's suit.

Reference has been made to letters addressed to Mrs. Fairfax (Sally Cary), and found in her desk after her death. These letters, unknown to Sparks, have only in recent years become known to a small circle. The most mysterious of them will appear, I am told, in the second volume of Worthington Ford's *Writings of Washington*. Sally Cary was a famous beauty. It is said that once when she was entering Williamsburg the sentinels demanded of her driver the password. Not hearing what was wanted, she leaned out of the window and said, "Sally Cary." "Pass on!" cried the sentinels; for that indeed was the day's password. When and where she first met Washington is unknown. On her marriage with G. W. Fairfax, Washington's early comrade, she became the mistress of Belvoir, near Mount Vernon. A number of brilliant ladies frequented Belvoir—Mrs. Fairfax's sisters, Mrs. Spearing, Miss Anne Gist, and others—all of whom were naturally interested in the now famous young bachelor at Mount Vernon. Mrs. Fairfax became his sympathetic confidante, and softened the wound which Betsy had inflicted. When he was starting off with Braddock, Sally sewed and mended his clothes, packed his trunk, and he rode away on her finest horse. Writing from the "Camp at Rays Town, 25 Sept. 1758," Washington says: "I should think our time more agreeably spent, believe me, in playing a part of Cato with the company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as you must make. Your agreeable letter contained these words, 'My sisters and Nancy Gist, who neither of them expect to be here after our return from town, desire you to accept their best compliments.' Pray are these ladies upon a Matrimonial Scheme? Is Miss Fairfax to be transformed into that charming Domestick a Martin? and Miss Cary to a Fa—re? What does Miss Gist turn to—A Cocke? that can't be; we have him here. One thing more, and then have done. You ask if I am not tired of your letters. No, Madam, I am not, nor never can be while the lines are an inch asunder to bring you in haste to the end of the paper. You may be tired of mine by this. Adieu, dear Madam, you will possibly hear something of me before we shall meet. I must beg the favor of you to make my compliments to Colonel Cary and the Ladies with you, and believe me that I am most unalterably your most ob't and oblig'd, G° Washington."

Washington's betrothal to the widow Custis was at this time well known. This lady could hardly have relished this letter, but would no doubt have visited it on the merry wife at Belvoir, two years older than Washington. However, Mrs. Custis had much good sense, and would have known as well as the rest of us that her hero's heart was not in a sad condition when he could pun on Messrs. Martin and Cocke, and especially when he could make such an ingeniously bad pun as "Fa-re"—Fairy—Fa-fact, the Latin "re" standing for "fact" (fax). The Fairfax motto is "Fare-fac."

But this little play of Juba and Marcia soon ended. In a few months Washington was wedded to the lady who made him as loyal and devoted a wife as man ever had. The romantic days may have been over for them both, but they grew together. She was pretty, dressed in summer, as I was told by one of her descendants, always in spotless white muslin—and indeed must have satisfied Washington's fondness for beautiful raiment if she wore her splendid brocades, fans, old lace, and ornaments found packed away in the garret at Arlington. "A most amiable woman," wrote S. Johnston, 1790, to James Iredell; "if I live much longer I shall at last be reconciled to the company of old women for her sake." The General's frank admirations excited no jealousy in his wife. The Hon. Jasper Yates writes to his wife (1797): "Mr. Washington once told me, on a charge which I once made against the President at his own table, that the admiration he warmly professed for Mrs. Hartley was a proof of his Homage to the worthy part of the Sex, and highly respectful to his wife." She had a shrine in every young heart related to her, and each must have her miniature, which accounts for the multiplicity of her portraits. But her true womanly portrait is in every sentence of the few letters of hers which remain. In one preserved in the Halyburton family she writes (Philadelphia, November 2, 1778) to her brother: "I am very uneasy at this time—I have some reason to expect that I shall take another trip to the northward—the poor General is not likely to come to see us, from what I can hear. I expect to hear certainly by the next Post. If I doe I shall write to inform you and my friends. If I am soe happy as to stay at home I shall hope to see you with my sisters as soon as you are at leisure. Please to give Patty a kiss for me. I have sent her a pair of shoes. There wasn't a doll to be got in the city of Philadelphia, or I would have sent her one." When Washington was at Williamsburg, Virginia, September, 1781, his head-quarters were in the "Six Chimney House," which belonged to the Custis family. There he had passed his honey-moon, and near the door yet stands—or long stood—a yew-tree planted by his wife's own hand. It was the symbol of her perennial love. She had no enmity unless for an enemy of his. When Jefferson came to condole with her after her husband's death, her only words to him were, "Crocodile tears, Mr. Jefferson!" While he was dying Washington was absorbed to the last moment in giving directions concerning his affairs; Martha Washington knelt at his bedside. When he was dead she would not have his room occupied again. Her own room she changed for one whose window looked upon his grave.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1789.

New York in 1789 was comparatively a small city. Philadelphia was by far the larger and the more important place. Statistics of that period are not very reliable, but it is stated, with some authority, that Philadelphia had then 4500 houses, and New York 3340. In 1786 the population of New York was represented by 23,614 inhabitants. In 1790, a year later than that of the inauguration, the figures are 33,131. It might be safe, then, to allow that New York contained in 1789 some 30,000 inhabitants. Undoubtedly on or before inauguration-day there streamed into the city everybody that could manage to get there. It is not impossible, then, to imagine that New York had present on that day 45,000 people who had come to welcome the President. We may look in vain in the prints and journals of that day for methods of conveyance originating with the circumstances of the hour. A single sloop, the *Neptune*, coming from York Town a day or so before, sums up the annals of the coastal fleet. George O'Hara, who advertises "a genteel 2 horse stage from his house in Morris Town by the way of New Ark and Paulus Hook," is about the only enterprising individual, and his notice to the public dates quite a month before. There might have been on April 29th some enthusiastic "New Arkers" who, carried away by the momentous occasion, may have secured seats in the "genteel 2 horse stage" with more solicitude as to their safety and dread of the fatigues of the journey than those who toward the close of February last took the cars at San Francisco so as to cross a continent, and be on time for Mr. Harrison's inauguration at Washington.

Tradespeople must have made some preparations for the event, but the signs of their awakening so as to glean profits are few and far between. If for illuminations candles and dips were necessary, we see them quoted, and candles are 3*d*., and spermaceti 8*s*. 4*d*., which is a fair price, but "Rum," Westward Islands (Santa Cruz being the best, and quoted at a higher figure), is to be had at a reasonable rate. For the merrymaking and junketing, lashings of Madeira, Lisbon, Port, and Fayal wines are offered, but no signs of a lemon, and without the lemon how was a jorum of punch to be properly brewed?

It is satisfactory to learn, however, that, by the arrival of the brig *Brothers*, the fair of New York could deck themselves befitting the occasion, for that brig had brought from England "shaloons, durants, callimancos, wild-bores [whatever they may be], taborets, parunello [*sic*], black and green India Persians, taffetas, gofri, chambri, black Barcelona, pullicat, romall, with Scotch checks." Indeed "a good assortment of seasonable goods." Certainly some of the pretty girls Mr. De Thulstrup has sketched must have taken advantage of these "seasonable goods." The public journals of that day of course give marked prominence to the occasion, but they had not yet succeeded in what is a modern art—that of exciting their public.

In the *New York Packet* of April 28th there is a careful description of a visit paid by that august body, the New York Chamber of Commerce, to the President a day before inauguration, and his introduction to each of its members. With scarce a period to conclude this interesting half a column there follows a line printed in italics, entitled, "*Extract from a letter from Bristol dated 26th Feb 1789*." It contains something about King George—how he was getting better, and how he hoped to meet Parliament, "to the great joy of all his subjects and the disappointment of some d——d rascals." It may be that the journalist of a hundred years ago had some idea of contrast. News was scarce, or maybe there was not the eager, feverish curiosity then which is rife to-day. The Father of his Country interviewed! If he had lived to-day, and such an event had occurred, exactly what he ate for dinner (Pater Patriæ was very fond of eating nuts at dessert), and who tied his queue would have been all described. But Washington had a certain austerity and dignity of manner which would not brook impertinent intrusion. When after his inauguration he took his promenade on the Battery, he went first and alone, and his secretary or those attached to his person followed at "a respectful distance."

It had been uncertain weather on the 23d of April, when the General had arrived in New York in that barge of state which cost £300, the oars handled by thirteen masters of vessels, when Commodore James Nichol, Sen., had the President under his special charge, and Thomas Randall was cockswain. Elias Boudinot, who tells us all about it, says the weather was threatening, and that at night the rain fell, but no water could put out the illuminations. The whole procession was over "before it began to rain."

It was a pleasant day on the 30th. There must have been a spell of dry weather, otherwise particular instructions would not have been given for "water carts." As there were to be thousands in the streets, and parades and processions, the dust must be laid. New York got up early that morning, and breakfasts were quickly despatched. Hospitality had been exercised to its utmost limits. The houses were full of guests. Certainly no one had a relative in the Jerseys, or in Pennsylvania or Delaware, or in Maryland or Virginia that had not been invited. There must have been many late arrivals, and Mr. De Thulstrup shows the phaeton and the chariots coming in. You will notice how superb is the colored coachman before and the footman behind that coach. That contains people of distinction. If you are fully informed as to the colonial period—and the inauguration of General Washington barely closes it, remembering too that in the overlapping of one series of years with another the exact line of demarcation is difficult—you will bear in mind, then, that the well-to-do Boston gentleman was as fully conscious of what was good style as was the gentleman from the Carolinas. Boston was not entirely Puritan, nor South Carolina Cavalier. Those who had means in Massachusetts, Virginia, or South Carolina liked to be considered as "people of quality." Your true Dutchman of New York rather despised fine things and handsome equipages, and cared more for material comforts. The Philadelphian of the last century, having been under Quaker influences, was rather indifferent as to fine carriages and turnouts. There were Sedan-chairs in New York and Boston long after they had been abandoned in Philadelphia.

New York was promptly up on the morning of the 30th. The artist shows that God was invoked on that propitious day, for in the hand of one of the young women there is a Prayer-book. There had to be men-at-arms to keep the streets clear. There is a soldier on the sidewalk, who, firelock in hand, will prevent the throng from blocking the way. The mounted man has to care for the passing vehicles. All is bustle and hurry. It can only be the *élite*, the chosen few, who can see the President taking his oath of office at the Federal State-House. That building had been thronged ever since ten o'clock. From Broad Street, in the first house nearest to the Hall, Miss Eliza Quincy, who is on the roof, can see the throng "so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people." Miss Quincy is so near that in that hushed moment when Washington speaks she can hear him. Then when he has kissed the Bible up flies the flag to the cupola, out thunders the artillery at the Battery; and now "all the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth an universal shout."

Mr. De Thulstrup's sketch, locally correct, represents what were the buildings and conditions of New York in the neighborhood of Broadway and Ann Street one hundred years ago. The open space now occupied by the City Hall Park must have allowed room for the crowd to assemble. The large building in the distance is the City Almshouse. The crowd must have been making its way to Broadway, and thence by the streets leading to the East River side toward the great centre of interest, Federal Hall, at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, which site is now occupied by the Treasury building. Just about where the first of our Presidents took the oath of allegiance now stands his statue.

THE WASHINGTON TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Spanning Fifth Avenue from curb to curb, about one hundred feet north of Washington Square, and between the residences of ex-Mayor Cooper and the Misses Rhinelander, stands the Washington Triumphal Arch, erected after designs by Mr. Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead, & White, architects, by residents of North Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue. The arch is built entirely of wood, and is ornamented with a frieze of garlands, and with wreaths of laurel in papier-maché. It is painted ivory white. As far as possible, for so temporary a structure, the design follows the regular type of classic arch. It spans the roadway, and to avoid obstructing the sidewalk, the piers have not been made quite as wide as the structure would naturally call for in the matter of proportion. The idea has been to carry out a type of architecture which prevailed during colonial and Washington's own time, and which belongs more naturally to this country than any other style. The private residences on both sides are somewhat of this order of architecture, and details of both have been reproduced in the arch. The dimensions of the arch are as follows: width of archway, 41 feet; height to spring of arch, 22 feet; height of archway, 43 feet; height to cornice, 55 feet; entire height, inclusive of statue on apex, 71 feet; entire width of arch, 51 feet.

A statue of General Washington, 10 feet high, stands upon a pedestal on the apex of the arch. It is of carved wood, painted, and represents the Father of his Country in Continental uniform—blue dress-coat with brass buttons, buff breeches, and riding boots. The right arm hangs extended by his side, and the left, holding a cocked hat, rests lightly on the hip. This statue is said to have been erected on the Battery in 1792, and to have been the first erected in this city. It bears evidence of great age. At the foot of the statue is a large trophy of our national flags, and from the four corners of the arch streamers of flags are extended to the cornices of the adjoining residences. Four large bunches of flags arranged as trophies on the sides of the arch at its spring contain, alternating with our national flag, those of the foreign nations from whom our population is mainly recruited by immigration. Upon either key-stone is perched a fine stuffed specimen of the American bald-headed eagle; the larger of these birds measures 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip. In an adjoining yard a dynamo has been erected temporarily; from this wires have been carried to the arch, which at night will be brilliantly illuminated by electric light, several hundred lights being so arranged as to bring out in glittering relief the outlines of the structure and its decorations.

THE MARCHING TROOPS.

A century's story is told in the contrast between the military parade of April 30, 1789, and the one of April 30, 1889. The forces at Washington's inauguration comprised a troop of horse, some artillery, two companies of grenadiers, and two or three companies of light infantry—all told, about five hundred men. This was a small array compared with the great marching column at the centennial celebration, with its many thousands of regulars and of militia from all parts of the Union.

In the parade of 1789 the troop of cavalry was equipped like Lee's partisan legion; the Scotch Infantry was in full Highland costume; the New York Grenadiers wore blue coats with red facings and ornaments of gold lace, cocked hats with white feathers, white waistcoats and breeches, and their gaiters or spatter-dashes buttoned from the knee to the shoe; while the German Grenadiers had blue coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters, and tall black bear-skin head-gear. The comparatively simple uniform of the regulars of to-day, and the approaches to it in the fatigue dress of several of the State militias, form a noticeable contrast to the variety of color and cut among the five hundred soldiers who formed Washington's escort. Nevertheless, the great centennial parade brings out many distinctive uniforms, which give variety and picturesqueness to the display; and accordingly in this number of the Weekly we furnish illustrations of these military costumes, for which we are largely indebted to the courtesy of Kinney Brothers.

In arms and equipment the change from old times to ours is perhaps still more remarkable. Under the first term of Washington's administration the militia-man was required by act of Congress to provide himself with "a good musket or firelock of a bore sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints and a knapsack, a pouch with a box therein to contain not less than twenty-four cartridges, suited to the bore of his musket or firelock, each cartridge to contain a proper quantity of powder and ball." Officers were also to appear armed with "a sword or hanger, and a spontoon," this last being a weapon something like a halberd, used instead of a half-pike by infantry officers a century ago. Other statutes of that date require "a fusee" and "twenty balls and a quarter of a pound of powder."

HENRY G. PEARSON.

All the active life of Henry George Pearson, who died April 20th, at the residence of his father-in-law, ex-Postmaster-General James, at Highwood, New Jersey, may be said to have been spent in the postal service of the United States government. He was born in the city of New York in July, 1842. His father went to California during the excitement of 1849 following the discovery of gold, and died there, leaving his family in humble circumstances. Young Pearson had no opportunity for education except that afforded by the public school, and had to begin early to earn his own living. At the age of fourteen he was employed in the New York Custom-house, and in 1860, after a short experience as a book-keeper, obtained a position in the Post-office as a stamper and distributer. His mental quickness and close attention to the work soon gave him exceptional expertness, and when, in 1863, the politicians secured his removal, because he was of no use to them, it was found that no one else had his knowledge of route distribution, and he was speedily reinstated. In October, 1864, he was made an assistant clerk in the Railway Mail Service, on the line between New York and Washington. He advanced in that branch of the service until he became in 1871 the head clerk upon the line. When Thomas L. James took charge of the Post-office in 1873 he made Pearson Superintendent of Mails, afterward Acting Assistant Postmaster, and finally Assistant Postmaster. By this time he had acquired a thorough knowledge of all the details of post-office work, and as the Postmaster's chief assistant, had immediate charge of the greater part of it. When General James became Postmaster-General in Garfield's Cabinet in 1881 he recommended Pearson as his successor, and so fully had his ability and merit become known that a petition for the appointment was signed by 20,000 citizens, including most of the leading business men of the city. So strong was the demand for his promotion that all other candidates for the place retired, and he received the appointment without opposition. Not only had he served in all grades of office work, but had also acted as Special Agent of the Post-office Department in New York, and as the Agent for the Inspection of Mail Equipment. From 1873 to 1881 he was Chairman of the Post-office Civil Service Board.

Mr. Pearson was by nature and training peculiarly fitted for his position as the head of the largest Post-office in the country, and was devoted wholly to making its service as efficient as possible. He sought only for the qualities in his subordinates which would give value to their service, and made appointments and promotions only for merit. When the Democratic party came into power in 1885 there was a general demand for his reappointment, on account of the perfection to which the administration of the Post-office had been brought, and the fear that it would deteriorate if a change should be made. He was retained, but the politicians of neither party sympathized with the motives that led to his continuance in office. He was unable during his second term to get from Congress the appropriations necessary for an increase of force commensurate with the growing demands of the office, or from the Post-office Department at Washington the support for his plans and suggestions that was needed to make its administration easy as well as efficient. The result was an amount of overwork and worry that broke down his health in the prime of life. He never gave himself the needed rest or took time for recreation or recuperation from overwork, but devoted himself unremittingly to the heavy task of keeping up the efficiency of the Post-office in spite of all difficulties and drawbacks. The result was a development of internal tumors which caused his death. While acting as Postmaster James's assistant Mr. Pearson made the acquaintance of that gentleman's daughter, who became his wife. Personally Mr. Pearson was singularly modest and retiring, and of a gentle and candid nature that attached closely to him the few who knew him intimately.

THE WASHINGTON ARCH AT FIFTH AVENUE AND WASHINGTON SQUARE.—Drawn by Charles Graham from the Architect's Design.—[See Page 343.]

THE LATE REV. BRADFORD K. PIERCE, D.D. [SEE PAGE 354.]

THE LATE HENRY G. PEARSON, POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

MARVELLE W. COOPER, APPRAISER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LUDOVICI.—[SEE PAGE 354.]

A GREAT NEW YORK FIRE.

NOT the largest fire New York has ever seen, but the largest in very many years, was the conflagration of April 19th. As a spectacle, nothing more beautiful has ever been seen in the city than the vast pillar of flame that nearly all night illuminated the western sky. As a vision of disaster, nothing for a long time has carried such dismay to the underwriters, for more than three million dollars vanished in the tremendous clouds of smoke that floated slowly off toward the north. All was insured, so that the insurance companies, and not the New York Central Railroad Company, whose property was destroyed, were the losers.

The fire began in a brick building used as a storehouse by a lard company and by a grain and provision house. This was situated between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets and Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. The inflammable contents of the building fed the flames so rapidly that in spite of the efforts of the seventy men and boys employed on the premises, the fire was uncontrollable before the Fire Department could come to the rescue. Before the total destruction of this building occurred the only fatal accident of the fire was witnessed by thousands of persons who had gathered to watch the beautiful show. The flames had spread so rapidly that one of the workmen was caught in a third-story room. He might have escaped, for a ladder was put to the window by the firemen, but he was so badly bewildered that he was unable to climb out, and at the last moment, when fairly singed with the flames, he leaped or fell to the sidewalk, and was almost instantly killed.

The gathering crowds that were attracted had every opportunity to see the fire, for on all sides, excepting the water-front, are cliffs and crags that form a natural amphitheatre. The blaze was so great that it was visible from all parts of the city, and it was estimated that 30,000 spectators went to the scene. They saw the flames leap from the storehouse to a great grain elevator, ten stories high, and holding 120,000 bushels of oats. This was speedily consumed, and the next elevator, nearly as large, but also far from full, was ignited, and in a short time totally destroyed. Then, with a mighty burst, the whole tremendous conflagration seemed fairly to leap forward on some enormous sheds, in which were stored quantities of oil. These once fairly aflame, all efforts to check the fire were useless, and in some six hours' time an area of several acres was almost entirely denuded of buildings. From Fifty-ninth to Sixty-fifth streets, and from the water-front back to Eleventh Avenue, little was left but a mass of charred ruins.

The fierceness of the blaze can be estimated by the fact that whole sheets of heavy wrapping paper were carried by the draught full half a mile in the air, and dropped more than four miles away from the scene of the fire. Not for twenty-four hours were the flames entirely quenched, but after the first six hours they were under control. The fire was a cogent reminder of the danger to which New York is exposed by the neglect of ordinary precautions against the placing of highly combustible materials where the rapid ignition of surrounding buildings is almost a certainty. As the *Evening Post* put the case: "It wanted only a gale of wind blowing from the northwest instead of a light wind from the southwest to have engulfed the city as completely as Chicago was engulfed in October, 1871. Even under conditions favorable in respect of the sheltered position of the burning buildings, the proximity to water, the aid of the Fire Department's steamboats, the mild temperature, and the slight wind, one side protected by the river and another side by the bluff, a breast of flame gathered wider in extent than any fire brigade in the world could manage."

THE GREAT FIRE ON THE RIVER FRONT BETWEEN FIFTY-NINTH AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREETS, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY SCHELL & HOGAN.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

It is not much to say that General Washington would be surprised could he witness the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of his inauguration as President in New York city on April 29th, 30th, and May 1st. It is a great deal, however, to say what is equally true—that it will surprise every American now alive who sees it. Already the busy men who planned it, and who at first figured conspicuously in the preparations, are lost to public view, swallowed up in the immensity of the public participation which they inspired. The very citizens of New York began wondering last week how they were to see it, for they clearly foresaw that for three days their best streets, their parks, and all the buildings which have been their vantage-points on grand occasions were to be taken from them by the nation at large. There have been public displays and pageants of greater magnitude, but never in America. And never was there pomp and ceremony so inspiring and impressive as this jubilation of a mighty people celebrating a century of self-government, liberty, and equality.

All the plans are laid as this issue of the Weekly goes to press; the programme for each of the three days is agreed upon. Practically nothing remains undone but the giving of the word of command to set the great creation in motion. This the President will have done in effect when at midnight on Sunday, April 28th, he steps into a private car of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Washington to be carried in a few hours over the route to New York which Washington was obliged to consume nearly a week in traversing.

Arriving at Elizabeth, New Jersey, at about eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, April 29th, President Harrison will be met at the depot by the people of the place, who have already organized a grander parade (of 5000 persons) than Washington saw in the nation's capital a century ago. It is a curious and a significant fact that little Elizabeth is a larger city to-day than great New York was then. As Washington was received by the Governor of New Jersey, so will President Harrison be made welcome by the present incumbent of that office, at whose house the President will breakfast. From a stand before Governor Green's house the President will review the procession, made up of citizen soldiery, Grand Army men, and the descendants of the farmers of 1789, who will now imitate their ancestors by appearing as Continental soldiers, and in mimicry of various pursuits of the olden time, such as going to the mill, spinning by hand, etc. There will be men disguised as Indians to perfect the illusion. Returning to his car, in which the members of his cabinet will have breakfasted, the President will journey the two miles to the water-side, which in Washington's time was called "the Point," but which is now Elizabethport. There he will be taken in a steam-launch to the revenue cutter *Dispatch*, lying out in the channel of the Kill van Kull, the strait which divides Staten Island from New Jersey. Governor Green, of New Jersey, will board the government ship with him. At the same time there will steam down from New York to meet the *Dispatch* three large steam-boats, the *Erastus Wiman*, the *Laura M. Starin*, and the *Sirius*, carrying respectively the centennial committees and the guests from Washington, the press reporters, and the Governors and other representatives of the different States. There will be drawn up in line in the North River and upper bay the vessels that are to take part in the greatest naval and marine procession ever seen in America. These will be led by the war ships *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Yorktown*, *Yantic*, *Kearsarge*, *Juniata*, and probably the *Essex*, *Brooklyn*, and *Vesuvius*—the last a dynamite cruiser. There will be six revenue cutters next in line, and then more than four hundred steam-boats, six hundred tugs, and seventy steam-yachts. The war vessels will all be dressed with rainbow arches of signal and other flags, and at the sound of a gun from a navy tug, when the President on the *Dispatch* enters the bay, the yards will all be manned, and every vessel will belch forth a salute of twenty-one guns. It will be a majestic salute that the new navy we are so proudly making will pay to the people as well as their President.

When the *Dispatch* passes the head of the line—the flag-ship *Boston*, commanded by Admiral Porter—all the vessels, great and small, will fall in line behind her at a speed of six knots an hour. The *Dispatch* will pass the war vessels in the North River, and then turn, and rounding the Battery, will stop at the foot of Wall Street, East River, to allow the President to disembark there, as Washington did. All the other vessels will continue the "parade" up as far as Newtown Creek, on the East River, and then back and around the Battery, and up the North or Hudson River to a point at about Fiftieth Street. It is supposed that this parade will last until 1 o'clock, P.M.

An arch over the foot of Wall Street will greet the President as he lands, and he will find awaiting him there those officials and others who, with his own retinue, are to escort him to the rooms of the Lawyers' Club in the Equitable Building, on Broadway, the most royally fitted club quarters in the world, in the most costly and substantial private edifice in America. The landing of the President will be made picturesque by copying the example set by the first President, who was rowed ashore by twelve members of the Marine Society of this city—an organization then only eight or nine years old, but enduring to this time. Captain Ambrose Snow, president of the society, will act as skipper, with a dozen old sea-captains bending the oars. The procession to the Lawyers' Club will include nine carriages, carrying the Plan and Scope Committee of the celebration, the President, the Governor and Mayor of New York State and city, and another committee official; Vice-President Morton, the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, another committee-man, and the Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court; the Secretaries of the Departments of State, War, Navy, and Treasury; the Secretaries of the Interior and Agriculture, the Postmaster-General, and Attorney-General; General Sherman, Admiral Porter, Major-General Schofield, and Senator Evarts; ex-Presidents Cleveland and Hayes, and Senator Hiscock.

The reception at the Lawyers' Club will last from 2 o'clock, P.M., until 3.30 o'clock, P.M., and will be confined mainly to an introduction of the President's escort and a few other distinguished citizens to himself. As General Washington merely bowed and did not shake hands when thus introduced to the dignitaries and citizens who met him here, President Harrison will do no more than bow to those who are presented to him. A luncheon will be served for him and the principal personages in the club quarters.

A public reception of all citizens who care to meet the President will be held by him in the Governor's Room in the City Hall between the hours of 4 o'clock and 5.30 o'clock. President Harrison will be escorted from the Equitable Building to the City Hall by the Plan and Scope Committee, Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, and several members of various celebration committees, all in carriages. When Washington moved through the streets on his arrival in New York the maidens strewed his way with flowers, and therefore as the present President approaches the steps of the stately seat of the city government roses will be flung down before him by one hundred and eighty pupils of the Normal College, all prettily dressed in white. The same young women will afterward repeat to him poems and addresses, and will sing songs appropriate to the occasion. After the reception of the people, the Committee cn States will escort President Harrison to his residence, which in Washington's case was a delightful mansion on Franklin Square, but which in General Harrison's case will be the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

On that night, April 29th, will be given the grand ball at the Metropolitan Opera-house, which is to eclipse that given to the Prince of Wales a quarter of a century ago far more grandly than that great assembly eclipsed all others that went before it. The entire great opera-house, far the largest theatre in the country, will be decorated for the occasion with gaudy plush and shields and trophies, flags and bunting, the undertone being all garnet and cream-color. The stage and auditorium will be covered over with one great flooring, and at the stage end will be ten boxes, in two tiers. The central one, for the President, will simulate something like a throne, beneath a canopy of silks, satin, lace, velvet, and brass. The magical name of Washington will be displayed over it, and high above every other decoration, on the proscenium arch, will be a painted portrait of the man who was and is "first in the hearts of his countrymen." The ball will open at nine o'clock. Six thousand tickets to it have been presented or sold. The Mayor, as chairman of the General Committee in charge, will arrive at a quarter past ten o'clock to receive the President a quarter of an hour later. The President will come with Mrs. Harrison, Governor Hill, the Vice-President, Mrs. Morton, and Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Jones. These distinguished guests will be escorted to their boxes and presented to the various committee-men, after which the dancing will begin, and the President will face the most elaborate, gorgeous, and costly scene ever presented in public or private in this country. The rich hangings of beautifully harmonized colors on the walls, the glittering shields and trophies, the entrancing array of beautiful women, the music by two bands—each relieving the other instantly, so that there shall be no pause in the melody—the banks of tropical verdure, the perfumed atmosphere, the blaze of a myriad of electric lights, the flowers, and the tiers of faces in the galleries, will impress themselves through life upon the minds of thousands who shall view them. The supper-room and buffet at the side of the building will form the grandest refreshment chamber—covering the width of a street and the length of an extraordinary city block—ever prepared for Americans. The President will remain until midnight; the dancers until after daybreak.

The second day of the celebration, the actual centenary of the inauguration of Washington, begins with divine service in the identical way and identical church (and in presence of the descendants of the identical families and officials) with which this feature of Washington's experience on that day was initiated. The selected committee-men call for President Harrison in carriages and with a notable retinue, led by the mounted police, escort him to the Vesey Street entrance to St. Paul's Church, the ancient edifice next to the Astor House and in front of the *Herald* Building on Broadway.

The President will occupy the identical pew in which Washington sat, and Governor Hill will be seated in the pew once honored as the seat reserved for Governor Clinton. The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, will officiate, as did Bishop Samuel Provoost in Washington's day. An especial service, arranged for the occasion by the present Bishop, will be observed. While this is proceeding, beginning at nine o'clock, as the worshippers take their seats, the bells in all the church spires of the nation will notify the people of the fact.

At a quarter to ten o'clock the worshippers will retire from the historic church, and taking carriages again, will be driven to the rear entrance to the Sub-Treasury Building at Wall and Broad streets, the site of Federal Hall, which was especially altered from its former plan as a city hall to accommodate the two Houses of Congress. On its open front balcony, in order that all might witness the act, George Washington took the oath as President. A heroic statue of him in bronze is now on the granite steps of the newer building, and on April 30th it will be surrounded by a platform, on which only the few who were in St. Paul's can be accommodated. There, in the presence of the limited number that can find room in the narrow streets of the neighborhood, the so-called "Literary Exercises" will take place. They will begin at ten o'clock, A.M., beginning with an invocation by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, and followed by a poem written and read by John Greenleaf Whittier, an oration by Chauncey M. Depew, an address by the President, and the benediction by the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan.

The greatest military procession ever seen in a time of peace in America will have already gotten under way when these exercises close. Major-General John M. Schofield, U.S.A., as Chief Marshal commanding the procession, will have started at noon from Pine Street and Broadway up that great thoroughfare, then literally walled in by sight-seers and by the brilliant and fluttering decorations that will all but hide the fronts of the great commercial buildings and hotels. President Harrison, his cabinet, and the Supreme Court Justices will be driven in carriages to the reviewing stand in Madison Square—a gorgeously decorated tier of seats, in which especially constructed and ornamented places will be reserved for the great men. The other participants in and guests at the Wall Street exercises will reach the same reviewing stand by means of a special train on the elevated railroad, the only transportation way that will not be blockaded, in all probability, on that day. The procession will be made up of more than 50,000 men. Marching at the usual route-step gait of the United States army, it will take the last rank until eight or nine o'clock at night to traverse the route. The route will be up Broadway to Waverley Place, thence past Washington Square to Fifth Avenue, up Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, around Union Square to Fifteenth Street, to Fifth Avenue, and up that avenue to Fifty-seventh Street. There are triumphal arches of great cost and beauty already up at Wall Street, Waverley Place, Twenty-third Street, and Twenty-sixth Street. A beautiful example of this form of decoration, the arch designed by Mr. Stanford White, and placed at the foot of Fifth Avenue, on Washington Square, is pictured on another page.

One million persons at least expect to witness the parade. To accommodate 45,000 of them, stands have been built at the City Hall, Union Square, Madison Square, and Washington Square. The Mayor has given permits for nearly 5000 trucks and drays to stand at the corners along Broadway, and standing-room in the windows and balconies has been rented to tens of thousands by enterprising householders. Seats in the public stands have been sold at from twenty-five cents to three dollars each, only a few being free.

At the head of the procession will be the West Point and Annapolis cadets. Then will come 4000 regulars, then 1000 of the naval force marching as infantry, then the State troops in the order in which the States were admitted. Pennsylvania sends 8000 men, New York 12,000, New Jersey 3700, Ohio 3500, and New Hampshire her entire force of 1000 men. The other States send less than 1000 men each. In the line will be found all the very old and very famous military or semi-military bodies of the Union, like the Philadelphia City Troop, the Old Guard of New York, the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, Connecticut, Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, South Carolina, the last with a battle-flag that cheered men's hearts twelve years before Washington was President. After the soldiers the Loyal Legion will march 150 strong, and then will come 12,000 men of the Grand Army of the Republic. By actual count the bodies thus far admitted include 51,850 uniformed men. The tread of their feet, the rattle of their arms and horses' hoofs, the rumble of their gun-carriages, the crash of their bands, will fill the air of Fifth Avenue for nearly nine consecutive hours, do they never so well in marching.

After that the banquet. In point of numbers present and the extent of the money outlay, the dimensions of the hall and the lavish decorations that will distinguish it, there never was such a dinner in New York. The banqueting hall is to be the Metropolitan Opera-house, the diners will number eight hundred, and the persons admitted to the boxes and galleries will crowd the upper floors of the great theatre. The decorations of the walls and galleries will be as at the great ball, but what was the dancing floor will now be set with tables in successive curves of horseshoe shape, three horseshoes facing three horseshoes, and a central oval table (for the President and cabinet and Governor and Mayor) in the centre of the whole plan. Chef La Perruque and Chief Steward Busse, of the Hoffman House, have charge of the banquet, with $55,000 to expend on that and the supper at the ball. During the banquet they will direct the service of 200 waiters, 72 cooks and carvers, and 115 kitchen girls. The menu is elaborate, and the decorations of the tables include not only glittering silver and flashing crystal-ware and flowers and massive plate, but elaborate and ornate figure pieces emblematic of every stage of our country's history. Lander's famous band will play during the evening. It will be a never-to-be-forgotten scene and occasion. While it is in progress the German-American citizens will arrange a monster vocal and instrumental concert in the open air at Madison Square. The banquet at half past six o'clock, the concert at eight o'clock, both in the evening. Theodore Thomas will wield the baton over the great orchestra at the concert. During the same evening there will be a monster display of fireworks in Tompkins, Washington, Union, and City Hall squares, and in Canal Street and Mount Morris parks, as well as at Washington Heights, Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, and some places in the annexed district.

The President and cabinet will remain in New York to witness the gigantic industrial parade on the third and last day of the monster celebration. If the military parade of Tuesday, the second day, calls for uncommon phrases, what is to be said of this out-turning of the civilians? Jocularly those who have charge of it speak of it as "the two days' tramp." Major-General Daniel Butterfield, late United States Volunteers, is the Chief Marshal, and he has already signed permits for more than one hundred thousand men to take places in the line. The line of march is to begin where the military paraders left off—at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue—and retrace the route down-town to the place of disbandment at Canal Street and Broadway. There will be 30,000 members of German societies and unions, and quite as many Irish-Americans; there will be school-boys, policemen, thousands of firemen, semi-military organizations, Hollanders in old Dutch costumes, the Caledonian Club of this city in Highland dress, veteran Zouaves, trades-unions, secret societies—in all, 80,000 men, with wagons, cumbrous floats, and engines in great numbers, beautifying but hindering their progress. The contribution of a coterie of patriotic and artistic German-Americans will be most notable. With $30,000, and twice that value in labor and art work, freely given, they have designed and constructed a great number of floats, that will certainly distinguish the closing day of the celebration even as much as the extraordinary massing of men in the streets and in the marching platoons. Some of the most effective of these are shown on another page of this issue of Harper's Weekly.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

XII.

Fulkerson stopped and looked at March, whom he saw lapsing into a serious silence. Doubtless he divined his uneasiness with the facts that had been given him to digest. He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "See here, how would you like to go up to Forty-sixth Street with me, and drop in on old Dryfoos? Now's your chance. He's going West to-morrow, and won't be back for a month or so. They'll all be glad to see you, and you'll understand things better when you've seen him and his family. I can't explain."

March reflected a moment. Then he said, with a wisdom that surprised him, for he would have liked to yield to the impulse of his curiosity: "Perhaps we'd better wait till Mrs. March comes down, and let things take the usual course. The Dryfoos ladies will want to call on her as the last-comer, and if I treated myself *en garçon* now, and paid the first visit, it might complicate matters."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said Fulkerson. "I don't know much about these things, and I don't believe Ma Dryfoos does either." He was on his legs lighting another cigarette. "I suppose the girls are getting themselves up in etiquette, though. Well, then, let's have a look at the *Every Other Week* building, and then, if you like your quarters there, you can go round and close for Mrs. Green's flat."

March's dormant allegiance to his wife's wishes had been roused by his decision in favor of good social usage. "I don't think I shall take the flat," he said.

"Well, don't reject it without giving it another look, anyway. Come on!"

He helped March on with his light overcoat, and the little stir they made for their departure caught the notice of the old German; he looked up from his beer at them. March was more than ever impressed with something familiar in his face. In compensation for his prudence in regard to the Dryfooses he now indulged an impulse. He stepped across to where the old man sat, with his bald head shining like ivory under the gas jet, and his fine patriarchal length of bearded mask taking picturesque lights and shadows, and put out his hand to him.

"Lindau! Isn't this Mr. Lindau?"

The old man lifted himself slowly to his feet with mechanical politeness, and cautiously took March's hand. "Yes, my name is Lindau," he said, slowly, while he scanned March's face. Then he broke into a long cry. "Ah-h-h-h-h, my dear poy! my yong friendt! my—my— Idt is Passil Marge—not zo? Ah, ha, ha, ha! How gladt I am to zee you! Why, I am gladt! And you rememberdt me? You remember Schiller, and Goethe, and Uhland? And Indianapolis? You still life in Indianapolis? It sheers my hardt to zee you. But you are lidtle oldt too? Tventy-five years makes a difference. Ah, I am gladt! Dell me, idt is Passil Marge—not zo?"

He looked anxiously into March's face, with a gentle smile of mixed hope and doubt, and March said: "As sure as it's Berthold Lindau, and I guess it's you. And you remember the old times? You were as much of a boy as I was, Lindau. Are you living in New York? Do you recollect how you tried to teach me to fence? I don't know how to this day, Lindau. How good you were, and how patient! Do you remember how we used to sit up in the little parlor back of your printing-office, and read *Die Räuber*, and *Die Theilung der Erde*, and *Die Glocke*? And Mrs. Lindau? Is she with—"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"Deadt—deadt long ago. Right after I got home from the war—twenty years ago. But tell me, you are married? Children? Yes! Goodt! And how oldt are you now?"

"It makes me seventeen to see you, Lindau, but I've got a son nearly as old."

"Ah, ha, ha! Goodt! And where do you life?"

"Well, I'm just coming to live in New York," March said, looking over at Fulkerson, who had been watching his interview with the perfunctory smile of sympathy that people put on at the meeting of old friends. "I want to introduce you to my friend Mr. Fulkerson. He and I are going into a literary enterprise here."

"Ah! zo?" said the old man, with polite interest. He took Fulkerson's proffered hand, and they all stood talking a few moments together.

Then Fulkerson said, with another look at his watch, "Well, March, we're keeping Mr. Lindau from his dinner."

"Dinner!" cried the old man. "Idt's better than breadt and meadt to see Mr. Marge!"

"I must be going, anyway," said March. "But I must see you again soon, Lindau. Where do you live? I want a long talk."

"And I. You will find me here at dinner-time," said the old man. "It is the best place;" and March fancied him reluctant to give another address.

To cover his consciousness he answered, gayly, "Then, it's *auf wiedersehen* with us. Well!"

"*Also!*" The old man took his hand, and made a mechanical movement with his mutilated arm, as if he would have taken it in a double clasp. He laughed at himself. "I wanted to gife you the other handt too, but I gafe it to your gountry a goodt while ago."

"To *my* country?" asked March, with a sense of pain, and yet lightly, as if it were a joke of the old man's. "Your country too, Lindau?"

The old man turned very grave, and said, almost coldly, "What gountry hass a poor man got, Mr. Marge?"

"Well, *you* ought to have a share in the one you helped to save for us rich men, Lindau," March returned, still humoring the joke.

The old man smiled sadly, but made no answer as he sat down again.

"Seems to be a little soured," said Fulkerson, as they went down the steps. He was one of those Americans whose habitual conception of life is unalloyed prosperity. When any experience or observation of his went counter to it he suffered something like physical pain. He eagerly shrugged away the impression left upon his buoyancy by Lindau, and added to March's continued silence, "What did I tell you about meeting every man in New York that you ever knew before?"

"I never expected to meet Lindau in the world again," said March, more to himself than to Fulkerson. "I had an impression that he had been killed in the war. I almost wish he had been."

"Oh, hello, now!" cried Fulkerson.

March laughed, but went on soberly. "He was a man predestined to adversity, though. When I first knew him out in Indianapolis he was starving along with a sick wife and a sick newspaper. It was before the Germans had come over to the Republicans generally, but Lindau was fighting the antislavery battle just as naturally at Indianapolis in 1858 as he fought behind the barricades at Berlin in 1848. And yet he was always such a gentle soul! And so generous! He taught me German for the love of it; he wouldn't spoil his pleasure by taking a cent from me; he seemed to get enough out of my being young and enthusiastic, and out of prophesying great things for me. I wonder what the poor old fellow is doing here, with that one hand of his?"

"Not amassing a very handsome pittance, I should say," said Fulkerson, getting back some of his lightness. "There are lots of two-handed fellows in New York that are not doing much better, I guess. Maybe he gets some writing on the German papers."

"I hope so. He's one of the most accomplished men! He used to be a splendid musician—pianist—and knows eight or ten languages."

"Well, it's astonishing," said Fulkerson, "how much lumber those Germans can carry around in their heads all their lives, and never work it up into anything. It's a pity they couldn't do the acquiring, and let out the use of their learning to a few bright Americans. We could make things hum, if we could arrange 'em that way."

He talked on, unheeded by March, who went along half-consciously tormented by his lightness in the pensive memories the meeting with Lindau had called up. Was this all that sweet, unselfish nature could come to? What a homeless old age at that meagre Italian *table d'hôte*, with that tall glass of beer for a half-hour's oblivion! That shabby dress, that pathetic mutilation! He must have a pension, twelve dollars a month, or eighteen, from a grateful country. But what else did he eke out with?

"Well, here we are," said Fulkerson, cheerily. He ran up the steps before March, and opened the carpenter's temporary valve in the door frame, and led the way into a darkness smelling sweetly of unpainted wood-work and newly dried plaster; their feet slipped on shavings and grated on sand. He scratched a match, and found a candle, and then walked about up and down stairs, and lectured on the advantages of the place. He had fitted up bachelor apartments for himself in the house, and said that he was going to have a flat to let on the top floor. "I didn't offer it to you because I supposed you'd be too proud to live over your shop; and it's too small, anyway; only five rooms."

"Yes, that's too small," said March, shirking the other point.

"Well, then, here's the room I intend for your office," said Fulkerson, showing him into a large back parlor one flight up. "You'll have it quiet from the street noises here, and you can be at home or not as you please. There'll be a boy on the stairs to find out. Now, you see, this makes the Grosvenor Green flat practicable, if you want it."

March felt the forces of fate closing about him and pushing him to a decision. He feebly fought them off till he could have another look at the flat. Then, baffled and subdued still more by the unexpected presence of Mrs. Grosvenor Green herself, who was occupying it so as to be able to show it effectively, he took it. He was aware more than ever of its absurdities; he knew that his wife would never cease to hate it; but he had suffered one of those eclipses of the imagination to which men of his temperament are subject, and in which he could see no future for his desires. He felt a comfort in irretrievably committing himself, and exchanging the burden of indecision for the burden of responsibility.

"I didn't know," said Fulkerson, as they walked back to his hotel together, "but you might fix it up with that lone widow and her pretty daughter to take part of *their* house here." He seemed to be reminded of it by the fact of passing the house, and March looked up at its dark front. He could not have told exactly why he felt a pang of remorse at the sight, and doubtless it was more regret for having taken the Grosvenor Green flat than for not having taken the widow's rooms. Still he could not forget her wistfulness when his wife and he were looking at them, and her disappointment when they decided against them. He had toyed, in his after-talk to Mrs. March, with a sort of hypothetical obligation they had to modify their plans so as to meet the widow's want of just such a family as theirs; they had both said what a blessing it would be to her, and what a pity they could not do it; but they had decided very distinctly that they could not. Now it seemed to him that they might; and he asked himself whether he did not actually departed as much from their ideal as if he had taken board with the widow. Suddenly it seemed to him that his wife asked him this too.

"I reckon," said Fulkerson, "that she could have arranged to give you your meals in your rooms, and it would have come to about the same thing as house-keeping."

"No sort of boarding can be the same as house-keeping," said March. "I want my little girl to have the run of a kitchen, and I want the whole family to have the moral effect of house-keeping. It's demoralizing to board, in every way; it isn't a home, if anybody else takes the care of it off your hands."

"Well, I suppose so," Fulkerson assented; but March's words had a hollow ring to himself, and in his own mind he began to retaliate his dissatisfaction upon Fulkerson.

He parted from him on the usual terms outwardly, but he felt obscurely abused by Fulkerson in regard to the Dryfooses, father and son. He did not know but Fulkerson had taken an advantage of him in allowing him to commit himself to their enterprise without fully and frankly telling him who and what his backer was; he perceived that with young Dryfoos as the publisher and Fulkerson as the general director of the paper there might be very little play for his own ideas of its conduct. Perhaps it was the hurt to his vanity involved by the recognition of this fact that made him forget how little choice he really had in the matter, and how, since he had not accepted the offer to edit the insurance paper, nothing remained for him but to close with Fulkerson. In this moment of suspicion and resentment he accused Fulkerson of hastening his decision in regard to the Grosvenor Green apartment; he now refused to consider it a decision, and said to himself that if he felt disposed to do so he would send Mrs. Green a note reversing it in the morning. But he put it all off till morning with his clothes, when he went to bed; he put off even thinking what his wife would say; he cast Fulkerson and his constructive treachery out of his mind too, and invited into it some pensive reveries of the past, when he still stood at the parting of the ways, and could take this path or that. In his middle life this was not possible; he must follow the path chosen long ago, wherever it led. He was not master of himself, as he once seemed, but the servant of those he loved; if he could do what he liked, perhaps he might renounce this whole New York enterprise, and go off somewhere out of the reach of care; but he could not do what he liked, that was very clear. In the pathos of this conviction he dwelt compassionately upon the thought of poor old Lindau; he resolved to make him accept a handsome sum of money—more than he could spare, something that he would feel the loss of—in payment of the lessons in German and fencing given so long ago. At the usual rate for such lessons, his debt, with interest for twenty odd years, would run very far into the hundreds. Too far, he perceived, for his wife's joyous approval; he determined not to add the interest; or he believed that Lindau would refuse the interest; he put a fine speech in his mouth, making him do so; and after that he got Lindau employment on *Every Other Week*, and took care of him till he died.

Through all his melancholy and munificence he was aware of sordid anxieties for having taken the Grosvenor Green apartment. These began to assume visible, tangible shapes as he drowsed, and to become personal entities, from which he woke, with little starts, to a realization of their true nature, and then suddenly fell fast asleep.

In the accomplishment of the events which his reverie played with, there was much that retroactively stamped it with prophecy, but much also that was better than he foreboded. He found that with regard to the Grosvenor Green apartment he had not allowed for his wife's willingness to get any sort of roof over her head again after the removal from their old home, or for the alleviations that grow up through mere custom. The practical workings of the apartment were not so bad; it had its good points, and after the first sensation of oppression in it they began to feel the convenience of its arrangement. They were at that time of life when people first turn to their children's opinion with deference, and in the loss of keenness in their own likes and dislikes, consult the young preferences which are still so sensitive. It went far to reconcile Mrs. March to the apartment that her children were pleased with its novelty; when this wore off for them, she had herself begun to find it much more easily manageable than a house. After she had put away several barrels of gimcracks, and folded up screens and rugs and skins, and carried them all off to the little dark store-room which the flat developed, she perceived at once a roominess and coziness in it unsuspected before. Then, when people began to call, she had a pleasure, a superiority, in saying that it was a furnished apartment, and in disclaiming all responsibility for the upholstery and decoration. If March was by, she always explained that it was Mr. March's fancy, and amiably laughed it off with her callers as a mannish eccentricity. Nobody really seemed to think it otherwise than pretty; and this again was a triumph for Mrs. March, because it showed how inferior the New York taste was to the Boston taste in such matters.

March submitted silently to his punishment, and laughed with her before company at his own eccentricity. She had been so preoccupied with the adjustment of the family to its new quarters and circumstances that the time passed for laying his misgivings, if they were misgivings, about Fulkerson before her, and when an occasion came for expressing them they had themselves passed in the anxieties of getting forward the first number of *Every Other Week*. He kept these from her too, and the business that brought them to New York had apparently dropped into abeyance before the questions of domestic economy that presented and absented themselves. March knew his wife to be a woman of good mind and in perfect sympathy with him, but he understood the limitations of her perspective; and if he was not too wise, he was too experienced to intrude upon it any affairs of his till her own were reduced to the right order and proportion. It would have been folly to talk to her of Fulkerson's conjecturable uncandor while she was in doubt whether her cook would like the kitchen, or her two servants would consent to room together; and till it was decided what school Tom should go to, and whether Bella should have lessons at home or not, the relation which March was to bear to the Dryfooses, as owner and publisher, was not to be discussed with his wife. He might drag it in, but he was aware that with her mind distracted by more immediate interests he could not get from her that judgment, that reasoned divination, which he relied upon so much. She would try, she would do her best, but the result would be a view clouded and discolored by the effort she must make.

He put the whole matter by, and gave himself to the details of the work before him. In this he found not only escape, but reassurance, for it became more and more apparent that whatever was nominally the structure of the business, a man of his qualifications and his instincts could not have an insignificant place in it. He had also the consolation of liking his work, and of getting an instant grasp of it that grew constantly firmer and closer. The joy of knowing that he had not made a mistake was great. In giving rein to ambitions long forborne he seemed to get back to the youth when he had indulged them first; and after half a lifetime passed in pursuits alien to his nature, he was feeling the serene happiness of being mated through his work to his early love. From the outside the spectacle might have had its pathos, and it is not easy to justify such an experiment as he had made at his time of life, except upon the ground where he rested from its consideration—the ground of necessity.

His work was more in his thoughts than himself, however, and as the time for the publication of the first number of his periodical came nearer, his cares all centred upon it. Without fixing any date, Fulkerson had announced it, and pushed his announcements with the shameless vigor of a born advertiser. He worked his interest with the press to the utmost, and paragraphs of a variety that did credit to his ingenuity were afloat everywhere. Some of them were speciously unfavorable in tone; they criticised and even ridiculed the principles on which the new departure in literary journalism was based. Others defended it; others yet denied that this rumored principle was really the principle. All contributed to make talk. All proceeded from the same fertile invention.

March observed with a degree of mortification that the talk was very little of it in the New York press; there the references to the novel enterprise were slight and cold. But Fulkerson said: "Don't mind that, old man. It's the whole country that makes or breaks a thing like this; New York has very little to do with it. Now if it were a play, it would be different. New York does make or break a play; but it doesn't make or break a book; it doesn't make or break a magazine. The great mass of the readers are outside of New York, and the rural districts are what we have got to go for. They don't read much in New York; they write, and talk about what they've written. Don't you worry."

The rumor of Fulkerson's connection with the enterprise accompanied many of the paragraphs, and he was able to stay March's thirst for employment by turning over to him from day to day heaps of the manuscripts which began to pour in from his old syndicate writers, as well as from adventurous volunteers all over the country. With these in hand March began practically to plan the first number, and to concrete a general scheme from the material and the experience they furnished. They had intended to issue the first number with the new year, and if it had been an affair of literature alone, it would have been very easy; but it was the art leg they limped on, as Fulkerson phrased it. They had not merely to deal with the question of specific illustrations for this article or that, but to decide the whole character of their illustrations, and first of all to get a design for a cover which should both ensnare the heedless and captivate the fastidious. These things did not come properly within March's province—that had been clearly understood—and for a while Fulkerson tried to run the art leg himself. The phrase was again his, but it was simpler to make the phrase than to run the leg. The difficult generation, at once stiff-backed and slippery, with which he had to do in this endeavor, reduced even so buoyant an optimist to despair, and after wasting some valuable weeks in trying to work the artists himself, he determined to get an artist to work them. But what artist? It could not be a man with fixed reputation and a following; he would be too costly, and would have too many enemies among his brethren, even if he would consent to undertake the job. Fulkerson had a man in mind, an artist too, who would have been the very thing if he had been the thing at all. He had talent enough, and his sort of talent would reach round the whole situation, but, as Fulkerson said, he was as many kinds of an ass as he was kinds of an artist.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

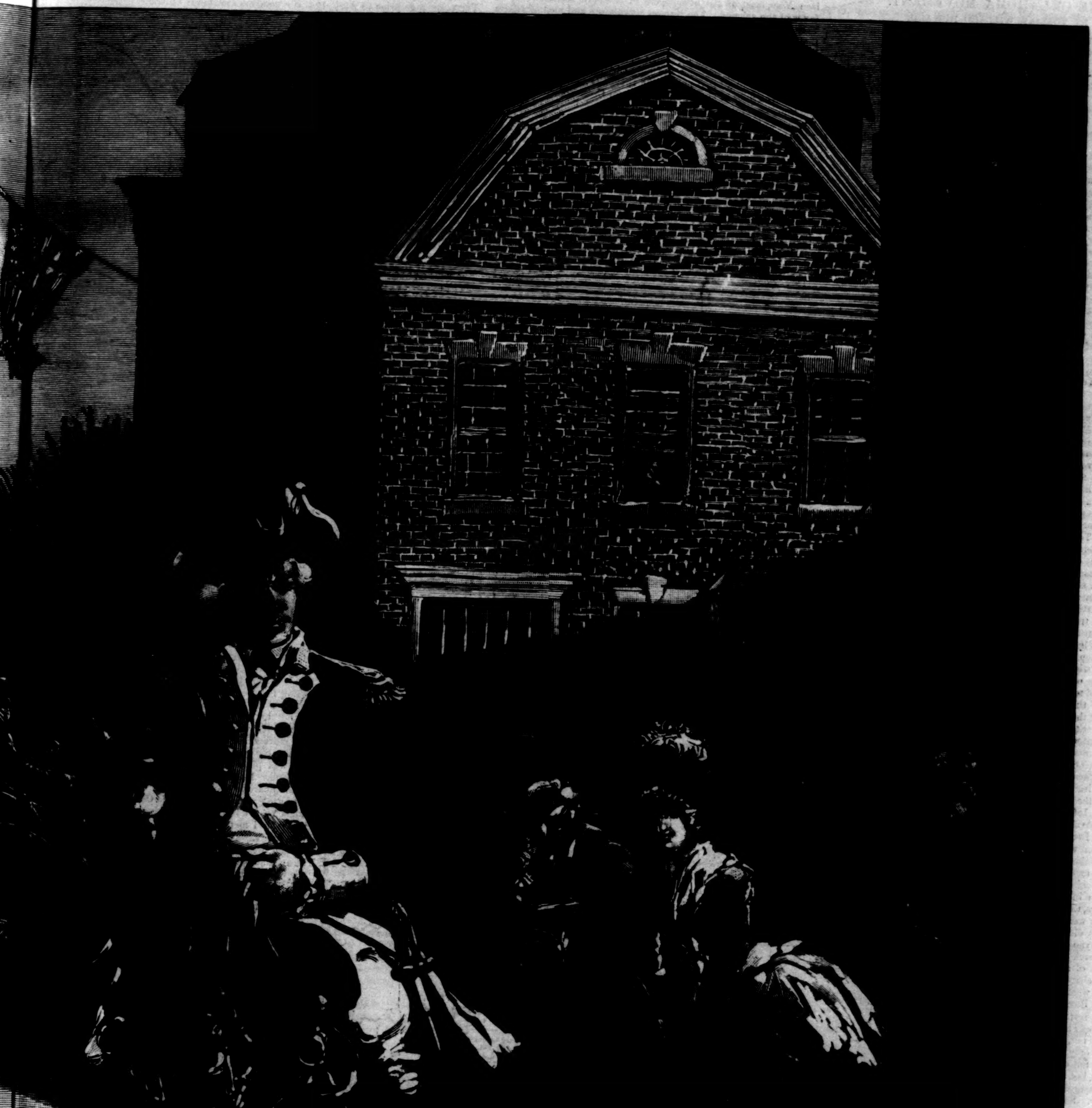
THE GENERAL.

"What d'ye think av the dicoration?"

"Pretty good; but who's the gent wid de jaw?"

"The Gineral; an' it must be first class, as me cousin what done it towld me he'd seen a good dale av Washington lately—been looking for a government job."

THE MORNING OF INAUGURATION DAY, 18



1789.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 343.]

THE OKLAHOMA MOVEMENT.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

The opening of the Oklahoma lands has brought into public prominence for the first time the most unique and picturesque element of Western civilization. For many years numbers of people have been drifting up and down and across the far West, seeking for some spot in which they might make a fortune without physical exertion. In the vocabulary of Kansas and Nebraska they are known as "movers," doubtless from the fact that they have always professed to be moving from one point to another in search of homes. In reality they have merely been wandering about the country, like their prototypes the Arabs. Like the Arabs, also, these restless people carry their local habitations with them, in the shape of various bedraggled tents and leaky wagon covers. For the past twenty years the movers have been in the fore-front of Western progress, not as actual parts of it, but as hangers-on. It was for a long time supposed that they were actually seeking homes, but as time went on and they continued to move from place to place, it was found that they were either unable or unwilling to make a living, even in those parts of the country in which other persons prospered and grew rich. When these people had visited every part of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, and even the inhospitable deserts of Utah and Arizona, as well as the thirsty valleys of New Mexico and the frosty altitudes of Colorado, and had in some strange way missed their El Dorado, they began to look with eager eyes upon the Indian Territory, which was said to be the fairest stretch of country in the United States. The fact that they were not allowed to go in and take possession of the Indian country no doubt caused the Territory to appear better than it was, and from time to time they murmured loudly against the laws which made the Indian prosperous and contented while they were compelled to wander to and fro like gypsies.

A dozen years ago a Western adventurer of the name of David L. Payne saw in this murmuring spirit an opportunity for local notoriety and perhaps personal gain. In groping about for some means by which the Indian Territory might be opened to settlement, he found that a certain tract of land in the heart of the Indian country, containing nearly two million acres, had been surveyed by government engineers. He discovered, further, that on March 21, 1866, this tract of land had been ceded by the Seminoles to the United States. Why this had been done he did not stop to inquire, nor did he care; but, with the Western aptitude for seizing opportunity, he at once determined to go down and take possession of the tract as the entering wedge for the conquest of the entire Indian Territory. The assistance of the movers was easily obtained. In fact, the movers would have gone anywhere, even to the heart of the Llano Estacado, had any one volunteered to lead the way. Payne spent most of the year 1879 and part of the year 1880 in making preparations to invade the Indian Territory. Early in December, 1880, he moved down upon the Indian country with an expedition consisting of about six hundred men and a number of women and children. As the movement had been in preparation for nearly two years, the soldiers in the Indian Territory were well prepared to meet it. They did meet it, with the result that Payne and his colony were driven back into Kansas. This was the first of a number of raids of a similar character. As often as the raiders went into the Territory the soldiers drove them out. If the intending settler refused to be driven out, he was tied to his own wagon and dragged out. This kind of treatment seemed only to increase Payne's popularity, not only among the nomadic movers, but also with the more staid and responsible citizens of southern Kansas. So far as the actual settlers of Kansas were concerned they were rather in favor of the opening of the Indian Territory, because it would give them a larger market for the products of their farms. For several years Payne received support and assistance from various sorts of people, including the movers, who each paid a fee for the privilege of joining the expeditions. From this source, and from other sources which have not been made public, Payne obtained a comfortable living, to say nothing of the gratifying notoriety which after his first arrest spread beyond the borders of Kansas, and eventually reached all parts of the American continent. On this basis he no doubt would have continued his work until the Indian Territory was opened to settlement, but on the morning of November 28, 1884, he dropped dead at a hotel in Wellington, Kansas. It has been openly charged that he was poisoned by agents of the cattle-men in the Indian Territory, yet I have failed to find any person of judgment and repute who holds that view. Payne's death was probably due to heart-disease or some similar trouble, superinduced by excessive drinking and a careless way of living.

After Payne's death the raids into the Indian Territory were conducted by men who had been his assistants. Several organized raids were made with the usual result. From time to time individual raiders slipped down through the Cherokee outlet, evaded the soldiers, and found a temporary lodgment in the coveted land, which by that time had become known as Oklahoma. In the Indian language Oklahoma means "Beautiful Land." From one-third to one-half deserves that name; the rest does not.

When there were no more county-seats to lay out in Kansas, and when the business of selling town lots at unimportant railway stations grew dull, the real estate speculators and men of affairs generally joined the Oklahoma boomers in the effort to open the territory. With the exception of the Wichita *Eagle* and the Hutchison *News*, most of the newspapers in southern Kansas were in favor of the scheme. The Kansas speculators and men of affairs were rather more sweeping in their ideas and more practical in their methods of work than Payne and his followers had been. With the clamor of the Oklahoma boomers as a basis of operation, they succeeded in having presented in the United States Senate a bill opening for settlement not only Oklahoma proper, but No Man's Land, and all that part of the Indian Territory not occupied by the five tribes of civilized Indians—the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Seminoles. This measure, which was known as the Springer Bill, was lost in the Senate last winter. As a compromise, to escape utter defeat, they secured sufficient legislation to open Oklahoma, which was only a small part of the proposed new territory. In anticipation of the passage of the Springer Bill, hundreds of movers, who had for the time lost their identity and become the most persistent of boomers, camped along the borders of the Indian Territory for several months, waiting for a chance to go into the promised land. Some of them went so far as to settle on claims in Oklahoma, but they were invariably driven out by the soldiers. Indian scouts were employed to patrol the Oklahoma district and to search the woods for trespassing boomers, but, despite their vigilance and their energy, numbers of boomers remained hidden during all last winter. Some were there when Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement.

MAP OF OKLAHOMA AND SURROUNDING PORTIONS OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

Soon after President Harrison's proclamation was issued, Oklahoma colonies were formed in various parts of the country, as far east as Chicago and as far west as Denver. In most cases these colonies made arrangements to reach Oklahoma by special railway trains on the morning of the 22d of April. It is said that a fabulous sum was offered to the Santa Fe road for the exclusive use of the first train into Oklahoma on that day. The persons making the offer seemed to have an idea that by this means they would get into Oklahoma and have their pick of the land before the main body of boomers reached there. To the credit of the Santa Fe road it may be said that this offer was not for a moment seriously considered. In order that the settlers who went in by train should not have the advantage over those who went in by wagon, the Interior Department at Washington arranged that the boomers camped on the Kansas border at Arkansas City and elsewhere should be allowed to get under way for Oklahoma on Friday, April 19th, with the distinct understanding that they were to travel along the main road, and that they were not to enter Oklahoma before noon of the following Monday. A detachment of United States cavalry was instructed to see that these regulations were complied with. The boomers at Wichita, consisting of the Old Soldiers' Colony and one or two town site outfits, left for the promised land on Tuesday and Wednesday the 16th and 17th, thus timing their journey so as to arrive at Oklahoma on the proper day. For some time prior to April 19th the boomers encamped on the crossing of the Arkansas River near Arkansas City, and others on the Walnut River had been in readiness to break camp at a moment's notice. Before daylight on Friday the 19th the camps were all astir with the preparations for the long-wished, last journey to Oklahoma. Soon after daylight the wagons were packed with all the camp equipments, and the children were stowed away in crevices between stoves, chairs, tables, and other household goods. Then, when all was ready, the long whips cracked joyously over the heads of the mules and horses, and the procession moved out upon the main trail. As the hundreds of wagons converged from several directions to the trail, they stretched along for miles in an undulating white line. At an elevated point of view they looked not unlike an interminably long white sea-serpent gliding over the green swells of the sea. To the observer this was a collection of picturesque elements of human nature such as even this Western country may never see again. It is entirely unlikely that anything similar will be repeated, for the reason that when Oklahoma and the rest of the Indian Territory are settled, the government practically will have come to the end of its unoccupied lands. It is perhaps fitting that this last settlement of any large body of government land should be made in this picturesque and interesting manner, for when it is over the other thinly populated areas of Western country will be populated slowly, and by the prosaic methods of the enterprising Western railway.

Such a queer collection of outfits, such a wonderful array of ancient weapons, from the old horse-pistol to the Leatherstocking rifle, and such an unexpectedly large number of old pioneers who have had a hand in the settlement of most of the new Territories during the past third of a century, could never again be brought together in one place. Many of the old fellows who got under way on the Arkansas River on that Friday morning had fought Quantrell's guerillas on the Missouri border, had wrestled with the Indians on the Kansas plains, had dug for gold in Colorado, and had worked and starved and traded horses in almost every other part of the far West. These old fellows do not seem to know that they are growing old, but cling persistently to the belief that they are just as good as ever, and perhaps a little better, through much experience and hard usage. When they come to contest claims in Oklahoma with younger and stronger offshoots of Missouri unrest and ambition they will be driven to the wall. With all the picturesque and interesting features of the rush to Oklahoma there is a distinct tinge of pathos in the inevitable end which must sooner or later come to these old movers. Too often they do not receive the consideration which their age and physical condition seem to demand. In some cases their own sons apparently seem to forget that they are growing old. On the Oklahoma road during the beginning of the rush I met a queer outfit from western Kansas. A toothless old woman, wearing a sun-bonnet and a bleached-out calico dress very much the worse for wear, sat in a creaking prairie schooner, driving a pair of decrepit wind-broken horses. Behind the wagon an old man and his two sons were driving a few lean cattle. The two sons were stout young fellows, rather smartly, although not expensively, dressed. One of them rode a droop-necked broncho, almost hidden from sight by a huge California saddle. The old man had a tangle of grizzly beard, a face like morocco leather, and a straggle of unkempt gray hair. The appearance of his clothing more than justified the supposition that he had been content to accept as his share of the family income the cast-off garments of the larger of his two sons. The poor old man was hardly able to walk. I was afraid to stop the outfit through fear that the old man, the cattle, and the horses might fall down in the road, so I drove alongside, and engaged the old fellow in conversation.

"Where are you pulling for, neighbor?" I asked, as I gave him a match with which to light his reluctant pipe.

"Oh, we're jest p'inting to'rds Oklahoma," said he.

"Have you come far?"

"No; we done only three hundred miles this trip. We stopped out to Garden City fer a couple of years, till we nigh on to starved to death; so we're jest nachally pulling down here somewhere where it rains once in a while."

"Why don't you get in the wagon and ride?"

"Oh, the old woman can drive well enough. There's plenty of load without me, and besides, I've got to drive these hyar cows."

"Well, why don't you ride the horse, and let the boys drive the cattle?"

"It's Bob's horse, and he wants to ride it himself; and Jim he don't want to drive cows nohow."

The son Bob, who seemed to spend most of his time in watching for blind staggers in his horse, informed me that the old man was better than he looked; that he had been a hard worker all his life, and that he was used to making long trips across the country. From him I learned further that when the Garden City boom was at its height two years ago the family had taken up three quarter sections of land forty miles from the nearest railway, and that they had spent two years in trying to raise enough corn-stalks to feed the horses. The cows were compelled to get their living from the plains summer and winter. To the casual observer they looked as though they might have found it an uncertain sort

A "BOOMER" FAMILY.

of living. The family had made twelve different settlements in the last fifteen years, never in any case having secured what might be called a permanent home. By doing a little work now and then the three men kept the family in tobacco and flour. For fresh meat they occasionally shot a rabbit with an old squirrel rifle, which, judged by its looks, had been in the family since the French and Indian war. It is safe to say that these people will not make a permanent home in Oklahoma. When the Cherokee outlet is thrown open to settlement they will abandon Oklahoma for the newer country, and by the time that the new region has begun to grow tame to them the old man will have died, thus forcing the two shiftless sons to make a living for themselves. In that way the movers as a class will become extinct. Their sons, having no new country to settle, will become roving horse-traders.

In addition to the hundreds of chronic movers, the serpentine procession that moved over the swelling prairie of the Indian Territory on the march to Oklahoma consisted of a large number of persons seeking actual homes, and scores of young men who went along with the idea of making what they could out of it. The actual home-seekers were, as a rule, under middle age. They had given up their rented farms in Missouri and Illinois, with the hope of getting places of their own in Oklahoma. There were also persons who had sold out their mortgaged farms in Kansas, in the hope that they would be able to start in the new country on a sounder financial basis. Almost without exception these people are bright and well informed, while some of them undoubtedly possess an education fully up to the standard of the public schools. If Oklahoma is to become a State at some future day, these are the people who will make it so. Some of them had very clear and definite ideas concerning their course of action upon reaching Oklahoma. Others were drifting in with a vague sort of idea that when they arrived there they would select some fertile spot, and wait for whatever chance might bring them. A few were frank enough to acknowledge that they might be starved out in the course of two or three months. A young man from Missouri, whose soft felt hat flapped up and down in the wind like the wings of a wild turkey, said that he did not suppose that Oklahoma was any better than any other place, but that he was going there merely for the reason that everybody else seemed to be going. If opportunity came in his way, he was determined to seize it with both hands.

All of the permanent home-seekers carried in their wagons ploughs, harrows, and other farming implements, together with seed for the first year's crop. The speculators had a stock of variegated horses and numerous revolvers and rifles, and what seemed to be a superfluous quantity of cheap and worthless jewelry. At intervals in the procession were men who brought with them a stock of groceries and provisions, their idea being to establish themselves as travelling merchants.

The journey across the Cherokee outlet, which is fifty-seven miles in width, was made by easy travelling in two days. When the boomer is not in great haste to reach a certain point, this sort of travelling is more pleasant than most people would imagine. With plenty of provisions, and with water always within easy reach, one might spend the entire summer very pleasantly in going from place to place on the Western plains in this leisurely manner. The charm of such a life is the freedom from care, the absence of business restraint, and the soothing effect of sky and wind and rolling plains. To one grown accustomed to Kansas scenery, there is nothing on earth so charming as the view from the crest of some grassy swell. At his feet the sun shines whitely on the wiry buffalo-grass, farther along a tinge of green creeps up the slope of some rise of ground, while far beyond the grays and browns intermingle until the eye loses all conception of detail in the hazy purple of the horizon. In this rolling, wide-sweeping scene the tall white top of a wandering prairie schooner may occasionally be seen, like some lonely ship haunting the far stretches of the sea. A daily saunter over that grassy landscape, the simple diversions, and the trivial cares of camp time, give change and incident to the leisurely life in a way that robs it of its monotony, and adds to that feeling of delightful indolence which is found only outside the beaten lines of travel.

I do not suppose that the mover appreciates the picturesque charm of his life. He knows only that in doing certain things in a certain way he is merely following his instincts. In a camp of movers on the Oklahoma trail I found a picturesque old woman cooking supper on the camp stove beside a small brook. Of so industrious a turn of mind was she that her knitting-work was not allowed to leave her hand for a moment, even when in the midst of the busiest preparations for supper. When I came upon her she was holding the knitting in one hand and stirring vigorously with a ladle in the other. In a preternaturally grave and solemn manner her husband assisted in the preparations for the meal by carrying water from the brook and gathering bits of firewood from a tree near by. A rabble of children and dogs ran about the camp together. When I told the old lady that she was the most picturesque object that I had seen in the entire outfit, she said that she was glad of it, for she had lived long enough to deserve some distinction above her neighbors. In another part of the camp a man was trading off a spare mule, and at the same time making rather lively replies to the various comments of an interested group of friends concerning the age of the mule, the agility of his heels, and his incapacity for hard work. In his conception of wit, the mover spares neither friend nor foe.

The exposure to wind and sun, the life in the open air, and the exercising romps about camp no doubt account for the continual health and the vigorous condition of the boomer children. In fact I did not see a sickly child among any of the camps or along the line of travel. Could city-bred children have the advantage of boomer life in their early years, the result would be not only of lasting good to themselves, but of actual benefit to the human race. The food upon which the boomer children thrive is the simplest known to culinary science. The foundation of a boomer meal is salt pork. Upon this is built a superstructure of corn-bread, potatoes, strong coffee, and hot biscuit, according to the means of the boomer and the nature of his surroundings. Some years ago I camped overnight with a mover and his outfit on the banks of a stream in Colorado. The mover assured me that I was perfectly welcome to stay, but that his stock of provisions was so very low that he actually had nothing fit to eat. He admitted that he had only a piece of venison and a dozen mountain trout.

"Venison and trout!" said I. "Pray tell me what you think I want."

"Well," he replied, "I sort o' thought you maybe had a hankering for a nice piece of salt pork, and that I 'ain't got."

The mover's idea of the science of cooking is as hazy as his conception of delicacies in the way of food. In the Walnut River camp last week a woman explained how she cooked certain things.

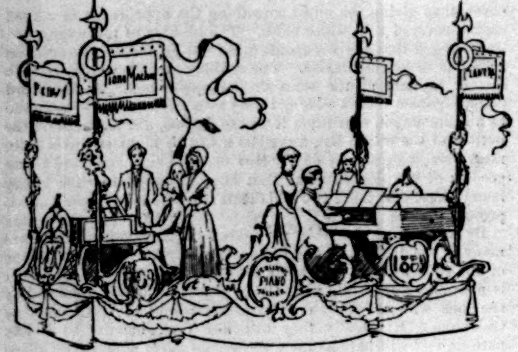
"Now there's deer meat and antelope meat," she replied to my question concerning game; "I take 'em and I fries 'em hard, and I gets all the gamy taste out of 'em, so that you wouldn't know what you's eating. Now there's rabbit; I takes the rabbit, and I puts him in the pot, and I boils him with chunks of fat pork and slices of potato an' salt an' pepper, an' I boils 'em all up together, so you wouldn't know it from an Irish stew."

I thanked her for her information, and with some exercise of tact declined an invitation to supper, although I was assured that I might have the pleasure of taking supper with a bride and groom, who had been married the day after President Harrison's proclamation was made public. The bride and groom were on their way to begin life in the North Canadian Valley. I was told by the bridegroom—a big, awkward young fellow, with a reckless profusion of watch chain and a drooping hat rim that covered the greater part of his face—that the girl had last year promised to marry him when Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement. His wagon and wagon cover were painfully bright and new, in glaring contrast to the weather-beaten outfits of the rest of the camp. The wagon was fitted up rather more comfortably than the ordinary run of boomer wagons. A small sheet-iron stove was firmly screwed to the bottom of the wagon, near the driver's seat. The stove pipe projected some three feet or more above the wagon cover, thus giving the outfit something the appearance of a road engine covered with white cloth. The interior of the wagon was so arranged that the occupants need not go outside in order to cook and serve their meals. The cooking utensils were carried in leather pockets at the sides of the wagon box. A flat board about eighteen inches wide did duty as a table at meal-times, and as a spare wagon seat when it was so needed. A mattress on the bottom of the wagon box served as a bed by night and as a luxurious lounging-place by day. How many of the brides and bridegrooms of the conventional East have anything like the happy honey-moon that these two Oklahoma boomers are enjoying at the present time?

By some unexplainable perversion of the human character many of the Indians in the Indian Territory are actually in favor of the settlement of Oklahoma. What they expect to gain by it is not quite clear, while what they will lose is already predicted by the men who are most directly interested in the settlement of Oklahoma. Eventually they will lose their identity as Indian nations, and will become mere settlers on lands apportioned off to them by the government. Oklahoma will be filled so full of people by the present rush that thousands of the settlers will take possession of the adjoining lands as a matter of course. In this event it would require the entire American army to drive them out. And this cannot be done so long as people elect Representatives to Congress, and so long as Congressmen are willing to shift the Indians around like ivory figures on a chess-board to oblige their constituents. As the Indians have no votes, they will in time be compelled to give up their lands, retaining only enough for their support as agricultural people. In anticipation of this event, railway corporations are projecting new lines through the Indian Territory, town site speculators are selecting grounds for new operations, and in a smaller way men are picking out choice bits of fertile land to work up into future farms.

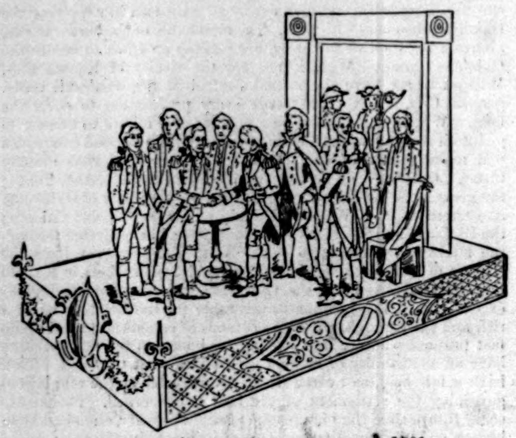
With all these considerations in view the actual reason for the Oklahoma excitement is by no means hard to explain. Kansas will undoubtedly profit greatly by the opening of the new country. From present indications the crops in Kansas this year will be reasonably large. The rainfall has been sufficient for all agricultural purposes, and unless a killing drought comes later in the season, the Kansas farmer may expect to grow rich in supplying the Oklahoma boomers with food. The merchants of the border towns, appreciating their opportunity, are making an effort to secure the Oklahoma trade. Were it not for the rivalry of Kansas City, Wichita might have the virtual control of the wholesale trade. Kansas City, however, has made every preparation to cover the field. Whether Oklahoma be a success or a failure to those who go into it seeking homes, the merchants and the railroad companies will make plenty of money. The Santa Fe road runs directly through Oklahoma on its way from Wichita to Galveston, Texas; the great Rock Island system gives the western part of Oklahoma an eastern outlet to Wichita, Hutchison, Kansas City, and Chicago; the St. Louis and San Francisco system has a line projected through the territory from east to west. With these railway lines the settlers of Oklahoma will have their choice of markets in Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Galveston, and the mountain regions of Colorado. The location is favorable for the building up of a rich and thriving State. Those persons of serious mind and steadfast purpose who are now looking for homes in the new territory have an opportunity of making themselves what they will. They have a fair field, and certainly no favor, so far as the regulations governing the settlement of the land is concerned. Perhaps in some future time the picturesque prairie schooner, the shambling horses, and the countless grotesque incidents of the rush to the promised land may serve as the escutcheon of many a rich and cultured home.

A "BOOMER'S" WIFE.



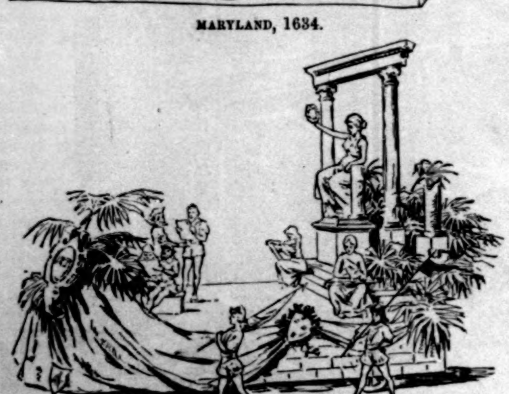
THE PIANO—1789–1889.

HOMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.

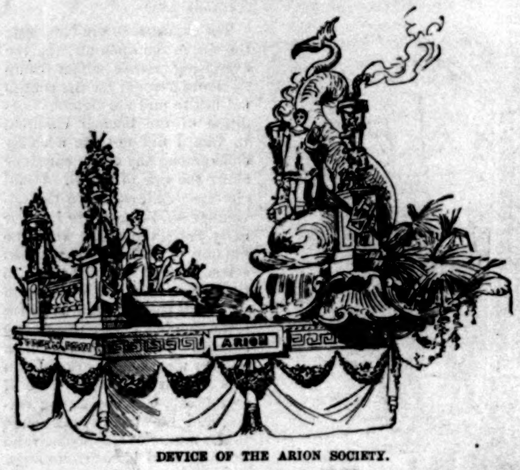


WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL, DECEMBER 4, 1781.

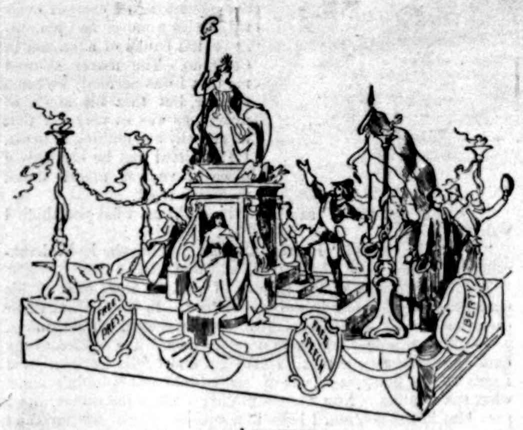
MARYLAND, 1634.



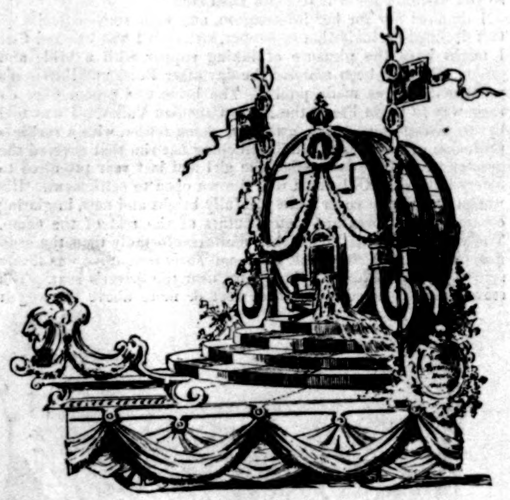
THE GODDESS OF ART.



DEVICE OF THE ARION SOCIETY.



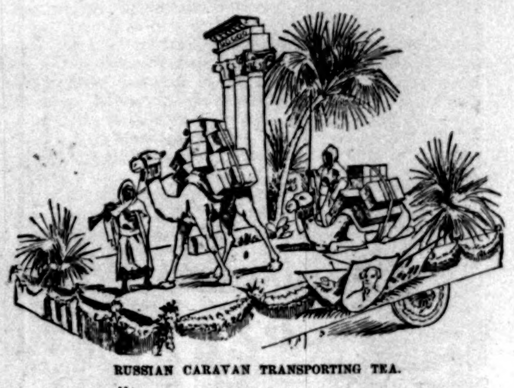
HAIL! COLUMBIA.



GAMBRINUS'S WAGON.

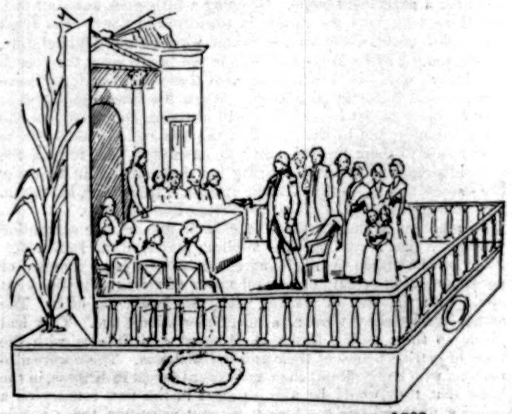
THE TRIUMPH OF WAGNER.

A FAIRY WAGON.

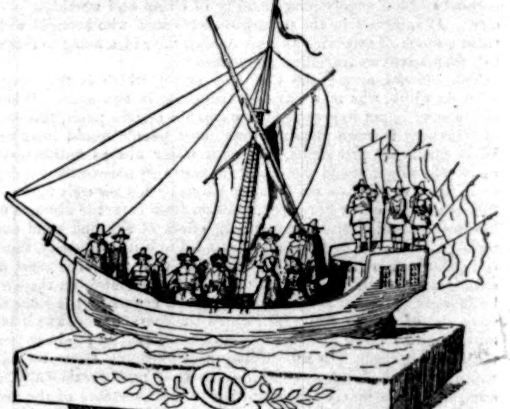


RUSSIAN CARAVAN TRANSPORTING TEA.

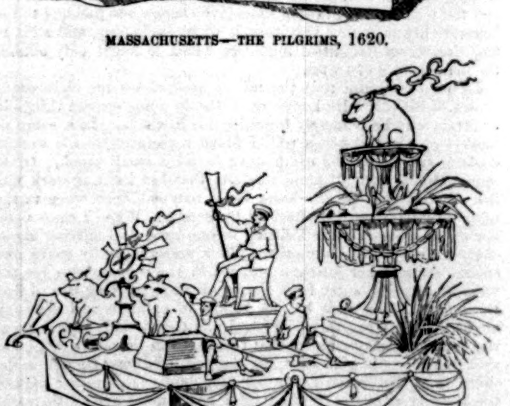
NEW YORK—LANDING OF HENDRIK HUDSON.



WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION, 1783.

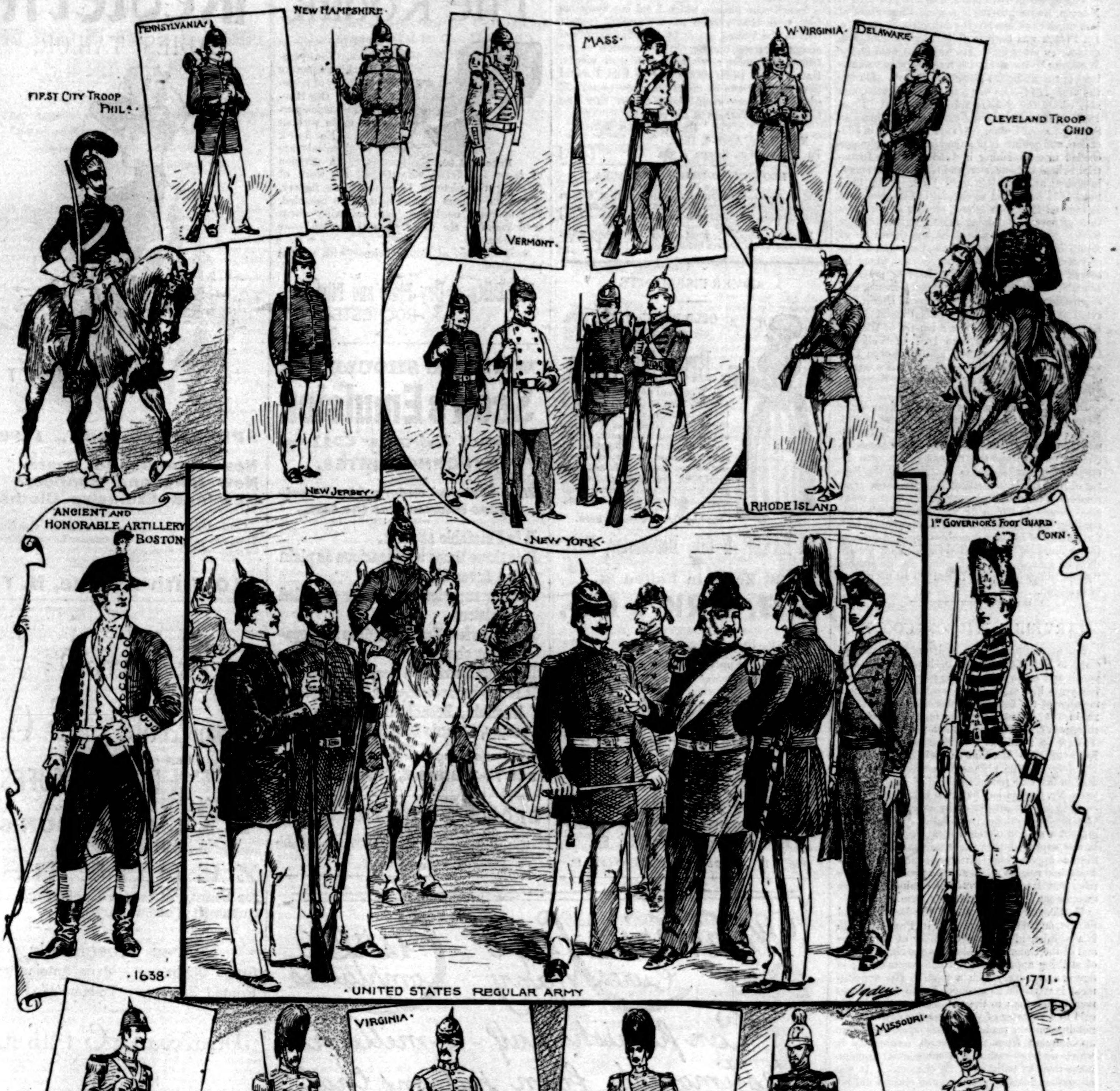


MASSACHUSETTS—THE PILGRIMS, 1620.



EMBLEMS OF THE PROVISION DEALERS.

SOME FLOATS FOR THE CIVIC PROCESSION OF MAY 1.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



UNIFORMS OF PARTICIPANTS IN THE MILITARY PARADE OF APRIL 30.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Page 343.]

BRADFORD K. PIERCE, D.D.

The career of Dr. Pierce, who has just died at Newton, Massachusetts, is a good illustration of how much work can be crowded into a human life. Dr. Pierce was born in Royalton, Vermont, seventy-seven years ago. He was graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1841, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the years 1844–5 he was a teacher in Boston, and also edited the *Sunday-School Messenger*. From 1845 to 1856 he was the agent of the American Sunday-School Union. Always interested in education, and genuinely practical in his ideas, he succeeded in establishing in 1856 the State Industrial School at Lancaster, and remained its superintendent and chaplain until 1862. From 1863 until 1872 he served as chaplain of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, serving at the same time as pastor, and doing some religious literary work. From 1872 to 1888 he was the editor of *Zion's Herald*, the leading Methodist organ in this country. In 1888 he went to Newton, where he served until his death as librarian of the Free Library, as a member of the School Board, and as president of the Wesleyan Orphans' Home, and acted at the same time as financial agent of the Boston University. He was a trustee of Wesleyan University from 1870 to 1881, of Wellesley College from 1876 to 1889, and of Boston University from 1874 until his death. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by Wesleyan University in 1868.

Dr. Pierce's positions as superintendent of the Reform School, as chaplain of the House of Refuge, and finally as editor of the great Methodist paper in Boston, made him very widely acquainted not only within the bounds of his own denomination, but outside of it. He was the Nestor of New England Methodism. His large experience, his never-failing enthusiasm in the many good causes in which he was engaged, his wide reading, his almost universal acquaintance with the leaders of his own denomination, and his profound interest in all educational and philanthropic movements, made him an invaluable "guide, philosopher, and friend" to all his younger brethren.

MARVELLE WILSON COOPER.

The new Appraiser is a native of Vermont, but came to New York city in 1849, entering a dry-goods and commission house as clerk. After a few years in a subordinate position he became a member of the firm of Smythe, Sprague, & Cooper, in 1857. Later the firm name was changed to Sprague, Cooper, & Colburn; then to Cooper, Vail, & Co.; and finally to Marvelle W. Cooper. Early in 1885 Mr. Cooper retired from active business. While always an active Republican, and an intimate personal friend of President Arthur, Mr. Cooper has but once held public office. In 1885 he was appointed by President Arthur Commissioner on the part of the government to inspect a section of the Central Pacific Railway. It was supposed that the President would have liked to appoint him Collector of the Port of New York, and rumors of his actual appointment were rife; but Mr. Robertson was retained in office throughout President Arthur's term.

Mr. Cooper is a member of the New England Society, and served one term as its President. He is a member also of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Union and Union League clubs. He is of striking appearance, tall and commanding in figure, and "every inch a man." His appointment is regarded as a concession to the business men rather than to the politicians. He himself said to a reporter of the *Times* the day after his nomination was made: "I look upon this as an appointment from the business community in which we live—rather as a commercial appointment than as political in its character. It was altogether unsolicited by me, and really I did not know about it until it had got well under way. It was requested by my old business friends and associates, and comes in such a way that I am obliged to say I will accept it."

The Appraiser is the officer of all others in the government service who comes most in contact with business men, and whose opportunities of serving them are greatest. Mr. Cooper's experience as a practical business man will stand him in good stead in his new position.

TO DISLODGE THE ENEMY,

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases successfully combated in their incipiency with this benign medical stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation, and dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A LETTER FROM DR. HANS VON BULOW.

The Knabe pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert tour in the United States by my impresario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

Dr. Hans Von Bulow.

New York, April 6, 1889.
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co. [*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine-glass Angostura Bitters before meals.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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ANYBODY can use the Kodak. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

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WHY YOU SHOULD USE
Scott's Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

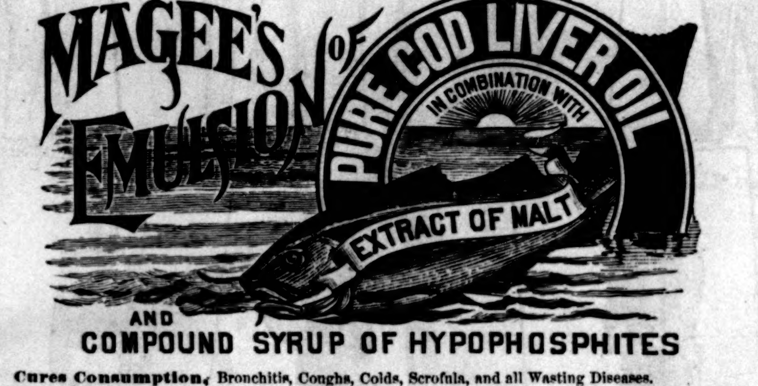
It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Warner's Safe Cure
Cures Many Complaints
Can furnish half-a-million testimonials from patrons that it is invaluable. Ask about it!



AND
COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, and all Wasting Diseases.
It is pleasant and palatable to take as honey. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated. Its strengthening effects are almost immediate.
It does not come up to assert itself semi-occasionally after being swallowed, as other Emulsions certainly do.
It is a Great Producer of BONE and MUSCLE, it purifies the Blood, and patients gain rapidly in weight while taking it.
It is a true Emulsion, the only one that is always ready, always alike, and that never has a thick, gummy, and greasy blob at the top to upset the patient's stomach.
It is used in all the leading Hospitals.
It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the United States and Canada, and many assert that it is

THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.
Ask your druggist for it AND TAKE NO OTHER.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers, { Lawrence, Mass. Toronto, Canada.

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SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.

Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.

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COTTON DRESS STUFFS.
D. & J. ANDERSON'S
CELEBRATED
ZEPHYRS,
for beauty of texture, coloring, and durability, are unsurpassed.
Freres Koechlin's
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The latest London and Paris ideas in
PARASOLS, En Tout Cas,
COACHING UMBRELLAS,
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From the very first London manufacturer, for whom we are the sole selling agents in the *United States*. We have no hesitancy in asserting that this exhibit cannot be equalled in *America*.

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given to every subscriber to the PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for 1889. Specimen Copy of Magazine sent FREE. $1.50 a year. Address JEROME B. HOWARD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAMIZU { FOR THE TEETH. A Toilet Luxury. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. Ask for it.

How Women may Succeed.

WHY SHOULD NOT WORK BE AS HONORABLE TO THEM AS TO MEN?

The Secret of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Success Given in Detail, as an Example to Women Thrown Upon Their Own Resources.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

A *Times* reporter was instructed to write an article showing women how they may succeed in business. He could think of no better way to impart the information to our readers than by taking the case of some woman who has been successful, and, as the most notable instance of our times, he has chosen Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

This woman, once the petted leader of the "North Side set" in Chicago, where her sayings and doings were of as much importance as those of the Princess of Wales in London, was suddenly overcome by reverses and thrown entirely upon her own resources for the support of herself and two daughters. Without hesitating a moment she obtained a situation as saleswoman in a bric-à-brac shop, but soon advanced from this to a purchasing agent, backed up by letters of recommendation from Mrs. John A. Logan, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Mrs. Justice Miller, of Washington; Mrs. John B. Lyon, Rev. Dr. Locke, of Chicago; Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York; and many other leaders of society and literature. This little shopping business was a vast improvement over the meagre salary earned as a saleswoman, but by no means enabled the luxurious woman to gratify many of her extravagant tastes. The strictest economy was still demanded.

It is told that one day her physician said to her: "Mrs. Ayer, for all your hard work and ill health you have managed to preserve your complexion to a remarkable degree. No care, no illness seems to affect it, as is the rule with most women." It is said that Mrs. Ayer thereupon confessed to her doctor that this gratifying condition was due to the use of a cream which she had purchased many years ago of an old French countess, a relative of the beautiful Julie Récamier, and who stated positively that it was the very identical cream that Mme. Récamier had used, which made her famous as the possessor of the most remarkably beautiful complexion ever known, which was perfect at the time of her death at eighty years of age. Mrs. Ayer's physician advised her to at once give up the shopping business if she was certain she was the possessor of such a cream, and commence manufacturing that, as there would be a fortune in it.

Mrs. Ayer, so the story goes, submitted the formula to the doctor, who approved it most enthusiastically, declaring that it was unlike any other cosmetic he had ever known; that it contained a perfect combination of healthful ingredients, without having a single one that was in the least objectionable or that could harm the most delicate cuticle, even that of a baby. He assured Mrs. Ayer that if she would manufacture this cream carefully, and always maintain its purity, that she would soon be independently rich. Mrs. Ayer acted on his suggestion, and with remarkable shrewdness began her business campaign, first by, in a modest but effective manner, advertising her former connection with society, also personal recommendations of her friends, which at once made her well known from one end of the land to the other, and gave the public confidence that any statement she made in regard to her preparations could be implicitly relied upon. She then brought forward the proofs of the truth of the statement that her Récamier Cream was the veritable cream to which Julie Récamier owed her great beauty.

She next induced the public to buy it by plausible and truthful arguments addressed to women, showing how absolutely essential it is for them to preserve the complexion, impressing upon them that no woman, no matter how divine her form, how exquisite her wardrobe, how beautiful her hair, how tapering her fingers, how bright her eyes, how intellectual her mind, how fine her teeth, if the complexion was bad, if her cheeks were marred by liver-spots or pimples, or a nose red or filled with blackheads, such a woman was more or less an object of comment and disgust; her appearance suggested uncleanliness, want of care, and ignorance of the laws of health; she could not appear dainty; something was lacking.

She preached the doctrine that many of the instances of unfaithfulness on the part of husband or lover were due to a feeling of repugnance caused by this neglect of the complexion; showed that men will seek the society of dainty women in all climates and upon all occasions. She then went on to prove that by the use of Récamier Cream, according to directions, a beautiful complexion could be perfectly preserved even to old age; that a bad complexion could be greatly improved, and in many instances made beautiful; and that a complexion once beautiful, but ruined by the ravages of sickness or the use of cosmetics, could be in most instances completely restored.

With a business acumen seldom found even in men, she approached women noted for their beauty and for the pains they took to preserve it, and persuaded them to try her Récamier Cream. Some hesitated, as was the case with Madame Patti; others tried it at once on the strength of Mrs. Ayer's personal representation, but in no single instance were they disappointed. Most of them were enthusiastic. Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Langtry, Mmes. Patti, Modjeska, and Bernhardt—in fact, almost every famous actress and singer, including the beautiful Lilian Russell and Pauline Hall—have testified in enthusiastic terms to the virtues of Récamier Cream.

Mrs. Ayer advertised these letters in the most clever manner, and everything combined—letters of endorsement, her position in society, her honesty, and her method of doing business—soon created an immense business which now pays a handsome profit. Mrs. Ayer is conceded to be the shrewdest advertiser in America to-day. In response to attacks upon some of her preparations, she had famous physicians interviewed, who one and all declared her preparations not only harmless but beneficial; and the most famous of all, Dr. E. P. Fowler, of New York, wrote to Mrs. Ayer the following letter, which letter, from such a source, is greater than all her other testimonials combined:

38 WEST FORTIETH STREET,
NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

MY DEAR MADAME:—I do not recommend your preparations; I never give my name to recommend any kind of preparations.

In reply to your note I will only say that preparations made according to the formulæ you have submitted to me for your "Récamier Balm" and "Vita Nuova," and used as per directions, contain nothing detrimental to health. Very truly yours,

E. P. FOWLER.

Mrs. Ayer has had to fight the combined envy and malice of venal newspapers with whom she did not advertise, of rival manufacturers, and of dishonest retail druggists, but has always been victorious. Her goods have merit, she herself has credit.

Now, why cannot other society women who have been unfortunate follow the example set by Mrs. Ayer, instead of going into professions that are unsuited to them, or of becoming burdens upon their friends? The lesson has been given plainly and should cause imitators. The field is large, and brains and energy will be rewarded.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON SARAH BERNHARDT.

Her Representation of Fedora at Nice Described in the Herald's Foreign News.

The following appeared in the New York *Herald* of Feb. 23d:

"NICE, Feb. 22, 1889.—Sarah Bernhardt has opened a series of performances to-night at the Nice Municipal Casino. She is playing Fedora to crowded houses, every seat being taken, notwithstanding the fact that the ordinary prices have been quadrupled. The audience is highly fashionable. Just in front of me, in the orchestra stalls, was the aged father of Victorien Sardou, following adoringly every detail of his son's grand work.

"Sarah's magnificent dresses were the admiration of everybody. Her powerful representation of Fedora and her display of tragic feeling were fully acknowledged by the audience. She was well supported by Pierre Berton as Loris Ipanoff, and a very strong cast."

Madame Bernhardt has set the fashion on more articles than any other one woman of her day. She introduced the following articles, which have all been immensely popular: The thirty-two-button glove, the Empire dress, Directoire sash, and the revival of the long boa, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Theodora hair-pins and Tosca hats, and has, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman since the days of the Empress Eugénie, and while she did not introduce those mentioned in the following letter, yet she has used them constantly, and expresses her opinion of them in forcible terms.

THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, April 27, 1887.

DEAR MADAME:—The Récamier Preparations are the *perfection* of toilet articles. Please send me without fail to-morrow two dozen assorted for immediate use. SARAH BERNHARDT.

Among the thousands of letters which Mrs. Ayer has received from ladies who are using the Récamier Preparations perhaps the most exquisitely dainty one is from Madame Bernhardt. Mrs. Ayer will be pleased to show it to any lady calling at her office, 52 Park Place.

French women above all others are said to be more dainty about their persons, and take greater care of the charms that Nature gives them than any other women. That the divine Sarah should have used the Récamier Preparations proves her good judgment, and should remind all women that the most charming feature is the complexion, that beautiful faces and hands are above price, and can only be secured, or maintained by the use of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Récamier Preparations; that the woman whose face is covered with pimples, red spots, moth patches, blackheads, etc., is a repulsive object to men as well as to her fellow-women. These can all be removed and the complexion preserved in youthful beauty to old age by using Récamier Cream according to directions. Récamier Powder can be used in connection with it. It is the finest powder made, and will not make the face shine, and will not rub off. Of the Récamier Preparations Mme. Patti writes Mrs. Ayer:

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13.

I must repeat once more my belief that there *never* has been anything equal in merit to the Récamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair that I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. Oct. 31.—I use Cream, Balm, and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Récamier Soap also is perfect. I thought other soaps good, but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. London, Dec.—I hear the Princess of Wales is delighted with Récamier Preparations. I shall certainly recommend them to her Royal Highness when I next see her. I send you an autograph letter to enclose to the Princess of Wales. Later, from Spain.—I cannot tell you how anxious I am to do all I can for the Récamier Preparations. I tell every one here in Spain how much they have done for me. I have spoken to the Queen about them, and when I get to South America I hope to find a letter from you telling me how I can best serve you there. I *do* want to help you, for I am convinced your Récamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I *could not* comfortably endure a day without them.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1886.

DEAR MRS. AYER: Immediately after my return to New York to open my engagement I purchased a jar of your Récamier Cream, a bottle of Récamier Balm, and some powder which I had seen strongly endorsed by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mrs. Langtry. I also find the Récamier Preparations absolutely peerless, and assure you I shall always use them. If this letter can in any way be of service to you do not hesitate to use it.

Very sincerely yours,
HELEN MODJESKA.
Mme. Modjeska, Countess of Bozenta.

To MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

It is a queer coincidence that our most beautiful actresses should have concluded to produce two of Shakespeare's plays at the same time. It is not, however, at all strange that these lovely creatures should have agreed upon another subject, as proven by the following letters:

TUXEDO CLUB, TUXEDO PARK,
NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

DEAR MADAM:—

I am using the pot of Récamier Cream you so kindly sent me, and find it all that you claim it to be. It will be one of my articles of toilet from this time forth. I consider it a *luxury* and *necessity* to every woman, young or old. With renewed thanks for introducing me to your delightful Récamier Cream, I am, truly,

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

From Mrs. James Brown Potter to Mrs. H. H. Ayer.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER:—I have been for a year using your delightful Récamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellence. While they are in no sense of the word *cosmetics*, of which I have a *wholesome horror*, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles, and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen. I am convinced that the Récamier Preparations will do all you claim—that they will remove tan, sunburn, and the many annoying blemishes women, especially in the changeable climate of this country, are subjected to.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Récamiers "religiously," and I believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin, if Heaven has so blessed her, as well as to her less fortunate sisters, who need not despair so long as you continue to place within easy reach these remedies for all imperfections.

Yours most sincerely,
LILLIE LANGTRY.

That most women do need preparations to cure and remove pimples, spots, redness and roughness of the skin, blemishes of all kinds, and blackheads, is without question; that no dainty woman can endure these things without a feeling of mortification goes without saying; that they create a feeling of disgust in the minds of the men who see them is an accepted fact; that they can all be cured by the use of the Récamier Preparations has been amply proven; that it is important to preserve a good complexion is self-evident. Our climate and mode of living make a remedy for that purpose a necessity. There are none but the Récamier Preparations that are effectual and harmless. Refuse substitutes and insist upon the genuine, with the trade-mark of Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

If your druggist or dry-goods dealer does not have the Récamier Preparations and Vita Nuova, refuse substitutes and have him order them for you. If he will not do this, order them yourself, and if you mention this paper they will be sent to you free of express charges. Address the RÉCAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 52 and 54 Park Place, New York City. Prices: Récamier Cream, Balm, and Freckle Lotion, $1.50 each; Powder, large Boxes, $1; half boxes, 50 cents; Récamier Soap, scented, 50 cents; unscented, 25 cents; Récamier Sarsaparilla, $1; Vita Nuova Tonic, $1; Vita Nuova Confections, 50 cents; Vita Nuova Liver Pills, 25 cents. Send money by postal order or registered letter. Send for a free sample of the Récamier Toilet Powder.

THE LARGEST SIGN IN THE WORLD.

An Open Letter to the Trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge from Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to use the Brooklyn Bridge for the purpose of advertising my Récamier Sarsaparilla, and will pay any reasonable price you may name for such privilege. I have consulted many well-known persons in regard to the matter and they all agree with me that it would be in the line of your duty to the public to make a favorable contract with me for the following reasons:

Récamier Sarsaparilla is beyond all comparison the best household remedy for the ills that attack poor and rich alike through impure blood, bad digestion, and torpid liver. Unlike other sarsaparillas it does not deplete the blood and cause eruptions on the skin. It alone of all sarsaparillas enriches the blood at the same time that it purifies it. It alone of all sarsaparillas does not contain Iodide of Potash, Nitric Acid, or Mercury in any of their combinations. It is purely vegetable, with the exception of a proper quantity of phosphorus and iron, which is so universally needed. Each bottle contains a greater number of doses than any other sarsaparilla bottle now on the market, hence the buyer receives more for his money, not only in quality, but in quantity.

I shall be pleased to hear from you as soon as possible, and, in the meantime, if any of your board would like to try the sarsaparilla personally, I would be glad to furnish you the necessary amount complimentary. Very respectfully,

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

P. S.—Insist upon having Récamier Sarsaparilla, and refuse the druggist's own preparation as well as any widely advertised substitute he may offer or recommend.

Judge Gunning S. Bedford writes:

NEW YORK, April 11, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

DEAR MADAM:—Through the solicitation of a friend I was induced to try a bottle of your Récamier Sarsaparilla.

It is a great remedy, giving, as it does, tone and vigor to the system.

I can cheerfully recommend it, and especially to all professional and business men who become worn out, from time to time, by overwork, and suffer great physical fatigue and nervous anxiety an account of their arduous duties.

Gratefully yours,
GUNNING S. BEDFORD.

The lovely and accomplished daughter of the great Chief-Justice and Finance Minister of Abraham Lincoln writes to Mrs. Ayer about her Récamier Sarsaparilla:

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

MY DEAR MADAM:—I find the Récamier Sarsaparilla superior to all others I have tried, and cordially recommend it as an excellent family medicine.

Yours sincerely,
KATHERINE CHASE.

The Hon. Daniel E. Dowling, President of the Board of Aldermen, New York, gives his opinion in the following letter:

NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

DEAR MADAM:—Having tried your Récamier Sarsaparilla as a remedy for an annoying disorder of the liver, with eminently satisfactory and immediate results, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a perfect family medicine. I also found it to be a wonderful tonic and appetizer. Every household should keep a bottle of it on hand. I have not felt so well in years as I do now, after taking only one bottle of it.

Yours very respectfully,
DANIEL E. DOWLING,
President Board of Aldermen, 1888.

The celebrated remark made by Gov. Webster Flanagan, of Texas, at the Chicago Republican Convention of 1880, "What are we here for?" has become a by-word, and its distinguished utterer famous from Maine to Alaska. See what he says in this letter:

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, MCPHERSON SQUARE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

DEAR MADAME:—Owing to exposure during the recent inaugural ceremonies, while serving as an aide-de-camp upon the personal staff of Chief Marshal General Beaver, I contracted a severe cold, accompanied by constant headache, loss of appetite, and even threats of pneumonia—that dreadful malady that has stricken down so many who participated in that magnificent pageant. Although suffering intensely and advised to take to my bed, I remained up and attended to my business. I commenced using your Récamier Sarsaparilla on the night of the 4th of March, and up to date have taken all of two bottles, and deem it a duty to tell you of its wonderful curative powers. I am now feeling perfectly well, and eating heartily and sleeping soundly.

Yours very truly,
WEBSTER FLANAGAN.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOAP.

Dr. L. D. Bulkley, physician for skin diseases at the New York Hospital, says in the *The Sanitarian:* "A majority of soaps, yielding the highest perfume, and commanding the highest prices, are not only inefficacious but absolutely pernicious when applied to the skin, *even in health.* * * * I believe many skin diseases are originated and others indefinitely kept up by the use of soaps made from impure fats. The remedy lies in the use of soaps made from *vegetable oils.*"

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer says: "I ask my customers to use Récamier Soap because I know it to be pure. Every cake contains a large percentage of the healing ingredients used in the other Récamier Preparations. I make a special point of this request, that my preparations may not be retarded in effecting a cure, as they must be when the patient uses a soap containing alkali. I *suppose* there are many pure soaps. I only know of one, and that I manufacture myself and am responsible for.

"It is made with or without perfume, and I do not hesitate to stake my reputation on its excellence. I ask my customers simply to give it a trial, and am more than willing to let Récamier Soap rest on its own merits, confident that no lady after using it will buy any other."

Madame Patti gives her opinion of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Récamier Soap in the following words:

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

Récamier Soap is perfect. I thought other soaps good, but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

The Work of Some of New York's Charitable Institutions.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
CHURCH OF THE REFORMATION,
130 Stanton St., New York.

MRS. HARRIET H. AYER:

DEAR MADAME:—For some months I have been using your "Vita Nuova" among our poor and sick with excellent results, but buying at retail makes it rather expensive for charity work, although we never buy less than one half dozen bottles at a time. Will you supply this Mission Chapel direct from your manufactory at wholesale rates for such small purchases as a dozen bottles at an order? Yours truly,

C. SCADDING, Minister in Charge.

Dec. 14, 1888.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1888.

DEAR MRS. AYER:—Having tried your Vita Nuova with perfect satisfaction, we cheerfully recommend its use to all persons suffering from the ills mentioned in your Danger Signals. Wishing you God's blessing,

Yours, ever gratefully,
Little Sisters of the Poor,
SR. MELAINE.

ST. GEORGE'S MEMORIAL HOUSE,
207 East 16th St., New York, Dec. 21, 1888.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

DEAR MADAME: The Rev. Dr. Rainsford has desired me to write and ask of you a favor. Last year you most generously donated a large quantity of Vita Nuova for the parish poor. It has been carefully dispensed and has proved most beneficial to many.

The last bottle was given a few days ago, and the favor I am desired to ask is: Would you again kindly remember the poor sick by contributing for their use some more of your excellent Tonic?

With sincere thanks for the benefit you have conferred by your gift, I remain, dear Madame, yours truly,

J. E. FORNERET.

Vita Nuova is the best remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness, and overwork. It will assist the weak stomach, it will rest the weary brain, it will "brace up" the shattered nerves. As it is made from the prescription of a famous physician, you are not taking a quack medicine. As it is made by an honest manufacturer, you are assured of pure ingredients. As it is used and endorsed by men and women you all know and respect, you are not using an unknown or untried remedy; only be careful to get the genuine; refuse substitutes.

TO INSURE PROMPT ATTENTION, DO NOT FAIL TO ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE RECAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 52 AND 54 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The absolute purity of the Royal Baking Powder makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome leavening agent known.

It contains no lime, alum, phosphate, or other adulterant, leaves no alkaline or acid residuum in the food, and its use insures pure, light, and sweet bread, biscuit, and cake, that are perfectly digestible and wholesome, whether hot or cold, fresh or stale.

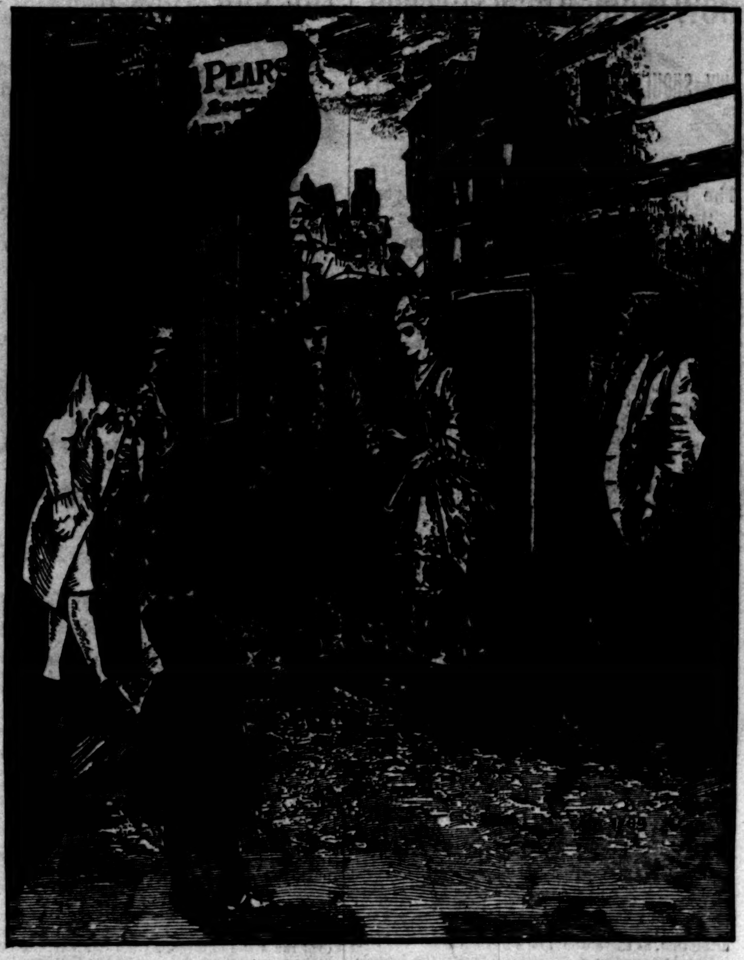
Its leavening power has been determined the highest whenever tested by official authority, and all chemists and writers on food hygiene commend it as the purest and best leavening agent known.

Prof. H. A. Mott, who has examined the various baking powders for the U. S. Government, says:

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public. It is absolutely pure.

H. A. MOTT, M.D., PH.D.,"

U. S. Government Chemist.



SHOPPING IN SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Queen Charlotte's Visit to Pears', for Soap for her Complexion, a Hundred Years Ago.

Pears' Soap has been established in London **100 YEARS** both as a COMPLEXION and as a SHAVING SOAP, has obtained 15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world. It is the *purest, cleanest, finest,* most elegant and economical, and therefore the best of all soaps for *general toilet purposes;* and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. PEARS' SOAP can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, *but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.*

CHICKERING PIANOS

The Standard of the World.

Highest Award over all Competition.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor.

CHICKERING & SONS, MANUFACTURERS,

130 5th Avenue, N. Y.

152 Tremont Street, Boston.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.

GREENWAY'S

TRADE MARK.

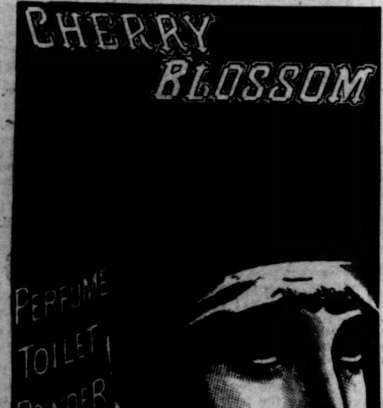
AMERICAN

DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.

THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS

Foster's KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO., Manufacturers.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS

Apollinaris

QUOD UBIQUE

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

TOP ROYAL

A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE

MENS FURNISHERS

CORLISS BROS & CO TROY NY

New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St.

Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

HILL'S MANUAL.

The Great Form Book. Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, Hill Standard Book Co., 103 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

THE NEW MODEL, OUR LATEST and BEST MOWER.

For Simplicity and durability, and quality of work, it is unequalled, while for Lightness of draft it excels by a large percentage any other Lawn Mower made. Send for circular and price-list.

CHADBORN & COLDWELL MANUF'G CO., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

THE INAUGURATION OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

THE Declaration of Independence marks the lowest ebb of legal government in our country. The Crown and Parliamentary powers of England were by it declared annulled, and with them fell the colonial charters, Governors, and Assemblies. The people were ruled and the mother country fought by two powers—the Continental Congress and the Committees of Correspondence—which were virtually self-created, and acted without the slightest legal or constitutional right. Yet the mere advice of these bodies, even though they possessed no power to enforce it, was sufficient to throw a people into rebellion against the hitherto rightful and infinitely stronger ruling country; to crush down all opposition to this revolution among their fellow-citizens, and to enforce, through the action of public sentiment, recommendations and acts opposed to the self-interest and opinions of large bodies of their own constituents. It was in fact the people governing through these two forms of popular representation, and they needed no bits of parchment to make them carry out their own acts—a people declaring themselves a nation, and a nation ruled by recommendations. It was an awakening and instructive epoch to the Old World politicians and believers in the divine right of kings and the inability of the multitude to govern or care for themselves.

But even these self-constituted rulers understood that some more definite grant of power than that given them by public opinion was necessary, and so even before the Declaration of Independence, though not till it was clearly in sight, the Continental Congress took steps to create a constitutional government, by not only beginning the framing and discussion of a national compact, but also by recommending that the colonies hold conventions for the purpose of forming State constitutions. The State assemblies, though no longer supported by the charters, had nevertheless, through their election by the people and consequent sympathy with them, survived the universal wreck of the rest of the English granted sway in this country. These bodies now acted on the advice of the Congress, and one by one called conventions, which with more or less wisdom and success set to work to draft constitutions in which power should flow from the people, instead of from the crown, as had been the political theory for so many centuries. Slowly the new State governments came into existence, and as they came the Committees of Correspondence disappeared.

The work of creating a national Constitution for the newly formed States was, however, a more difficult and slower task. Here old provincial and new State jealousies and quarrels entered into the discussions, and so impeded and delayed the deliberations of the Congress that the State governments were formed and in full sway before the Congress had been able to satisfy the clashing interests of the States. Then came the procrastination and opposition of the State governments to the surrender of any of their powers to the general government, and so the Revolution was nearly over before our national government received a paper authorization from the "Articles of Confederation." The adoption by the States of this Constitution was hailed at the time as the turning-point of our government, yet as we look back on the event by our light we can see that little if anything was gained by the acceptance of what was later termed "a rope of sand." It is true that the making of peace and war and sundry other powers were conferred on the general government, but the real powers—the right to make and enforce laws over purse and person—were left to the State governments, and did the nation want these they must assume the position of beggars. In the words of one of the best statesmen of that time, "the Congress can declare war, but cannot wage it; they can make peace, but cannot enforce it; they can borrow money, but cannot pay it; and they can coerce a State, provided the State agrees." In war times the Articles of Confederation might have proved by necessity a strong enough government, as indeed a weaker one had, but with the end of the war, and the consequent termination of the need for united action, the State governments ceased to pay regard to the recommendations of the Congress, and the people, already alienated by the paper-money bubble of the Congress, were quick to follow in the footsteps of their officers and Legislatures.

SAVAGE'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON AS HE WAS IN 1789.

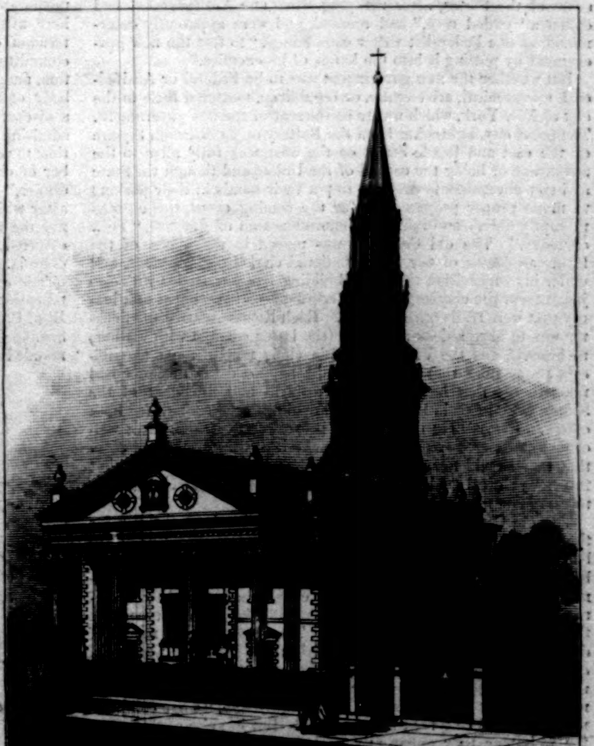
JOHN ADAMS, THE FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THOMAS MIFFLIN.

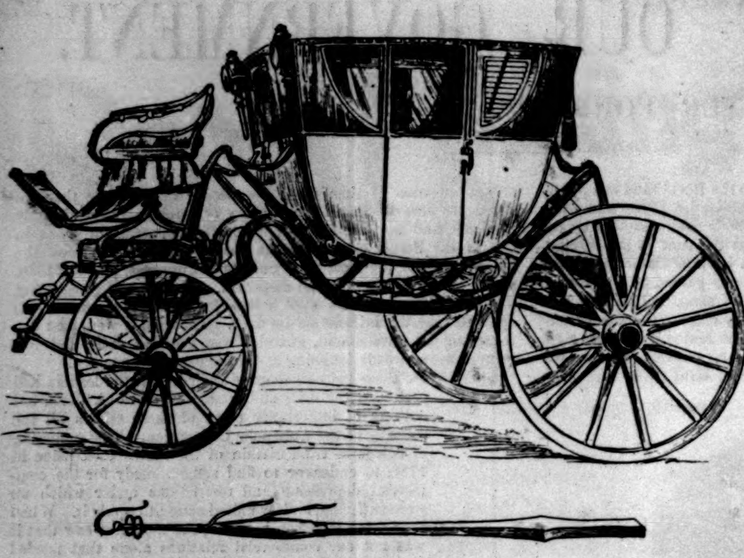
When a people are prosperous they pay little attention to their government. The war had stimulated every industry. Our borrowings in Europe, and the occupation by the English and French armies, had brought large quantities of specie into the country, so that at the close of the war money was plentiful. This condition, however, did not last long. The weakness of the Confederation prevented us from making commercial treaties, and so we were shut out from the West India Islands, with which had been our most profitable trade. Large importations of foreign goods drained us of our specie. Money became scarce, and with that came the cry of the common people for paper-money—the universal cure-all of that period for hard times. Some of the States yielded, and put forth emissions, which at once became the best friend of the shiftless and dishonest. Other States showed more firmness, but at each meeting of their Legislatures the project was renewed, and it seemed only a question of time when the people would force them to yield. In several States the robbery of foreigners was virtually legalized, and the attempt to enforce the collection of debts in two of the States caused serious insurrections, which took the whole force of the local governments to suppress, and left them afraid of the rebels they had dispersed. The general government was powerless, and was even compelled to borrow abroad the funds to pay the interest on its debt. The people were fast disregarding all government, anarchy was growing daily, and foreigners were already laughing at the failure of democracy.

Long before these ills had reached their height the leaders had perceived the drift and attempted to check them, but nothing of importance came of these efforts till the meeting of the Annapolis Convention. This gathering of delegates from certain of the States took place in 1786, to endeavor to find some remedy for the commercial depression and restrictions under which we were suffering, and by united action to apply it. When they came together, however, the members saw that it was not our commercial relations alone that needed change, but that the whole system was wrong, and so, instead of trying to tinker this one defect, they united in a recommendation to the States that they should send delegates to a general convention with powers to alter and amend the Articles of Confederation so that the nation might give and obtain justice. The States had been always averse to giving much power to the general government, but events were exerting a pressure such as the Congress had never been able to do; and so one by one they appointed delegates, who assembled in 1787 at Philadelphia. In the Federal Convention thus formed it was quickly seen that the old "Articles" had passed into a state of "innocuous desuetude," and so, disregarding them entirely, they set to work to construct a government sufficiently strong to be self-preserving. Long did State jealousies, local interests, and opposing opinions battle within those walls, but when the delegates separated they carried with them to their respective constituents a Constitution that Mr. Gladstone has styled "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose

FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET, THE SCENE OF THE INAUGURATION.



ST. PAUL'S, BROADWAY.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.



WASHINGTON'S COACH.

of man." This proposed government had next to run the gauntlet of the Continental Congress and the State Legislatures and conventions, in all of which there was more or less opposition; but with these it was much as with a row of bricks—the yielding of one in turn virtually necessitated the yielding of the next in order, and so before the end of 1788 enough had adopted the Constitution to put the government in force, and so the old Congress, after fifteen years of service, with rather ill grace lighted its own funeral pyre by passing a resolution for the election of a President, and naming a day for its successor, the new Congress, to assemble; and even turned itself out-of-doors so that its rooms might be put in proper repair for the new-comers.

In the course of the long and heated controversy over the adoption of the Constitution a trump card of the Federalists had been the fact that if the people had their wish Washington would unquestionably be our first President, and the Antifederalists had found it difficult work to convince the multitude that a government with Washington at its head would endeavor to turn itself into an aristocracy and enslave the people. Indeed one of the leading New York opponents of the government had declared that he had no fear so long as Washington was at the helm, but that the danger was to come after that. The hard work of the leading Federalists was not, therefore, to obtain the election of Washington, but to get him to accept the office, for which he thought himself unfit, and to leave the peace and quiet of the rural life into which with so much pleasure he had retired six years before. But the arguments of Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, John Jay, and others, carried as they were even to the point of questioning the peaceful organization of the new system if he failed to accept the office, finally overcame his personal feelings, and led him to agree to allow his name to be used for the office. From that moment there was no doubt as to whom the people would elect.

But if the first office was beyond dispute, it was not so with the rest. Long and earnest were the discussions that went on among the two parties as to the Vice-Presidency. The State jealousies were so strong that it was conceded by both parties that he must come from the North, in order to balance the Southern proclivities and habitat of the President. After some wavering between the eligibility of John Adams and John Hancock, the Federalists selected the former, while the Antifederalists nominated Governor George Clinton, the great standard-bearer of their party in the late struggle for the position. Even for this office, however, the latter party stood so little chance of success that Hamilton considered it necessary to scheme that electoral votes should be wasted when balloting for the Vice-President, lest by a mischance, through the want of special designation of candidates for the two offices, Adams should have as many votes as Washington, and so throw the election into the Congress. It was in the election of Senators and Representatives, however, that the great struggle took place between the two parties, and here the Antifederalists met with better success, for some of the States, after ratifying what one Antifederalist had called a "gilded trap," had receded, and were apparently determined, as one Federalist writer complained, "to test the new government by putting it into the hands of its enemies."

But whether the new government was to be Federal or Antifederal, monarchical, aristocratic, or republican, mattered little to the city of New York, which was to be the seat of the new government. The great city, stretching from the Battery up to Chatham Square on the east and Reade Street on the west, was fully alive to the advantage of being the capital of the Union, and though the State and city governments declined to put their hands in their pockets to make proper preparations for the coming event, the citizens promptly did so, and raised the enormous sum of £20,000, "York currency." The old City Hall was placed in the hands of the future projector of our future national city, Major L'Enfant, and under his supervision the whole building was remodelled with—to judge from the contemporary descriptions—a superbness and luxury that were really unrepublican. Each Representative and Senator was to have a desk and chair (the latter covered with leather) to himself, and the Vice-President's chair was of such magnificent proportions that Adams said he supposed the designer had remembered that both the Vice-President and President of the Senate were to sit in it, and so had made it large enough for both offices. Everywhere the city was preparing to give a warm welcome to the new government, and make it so comfortable for them that they should never think of leaving; little reckoning on that future "political deal" between Hamilton and Jefferson which was to carry our national capital to the southward.

The old Congress had named the 4th of March as the day for the assembling of the new Congress, but on that day, "owing to bad roads, sickness in their families, etc.," not two dozen members had arrived, nor indeed was the Federal Hall, as the metamorphosed building was now to be called, ready for their reception, though on that day the few members who were in town met there informally for a few minutes. Then began a long month of dreary waiting, meeting each day only to adjourn for want of a quorum, till one Representative, writing of their "mortifying situation," expressed the fear that "the public will forget the government before it is born," and a townsman wrote, "They complain much of their being kept so long idle." But in spite of this cause for ill-humor, they apparently made a good impression on the spectators, for the same person confessed that "notwithstanding Juvenal remarks that *fronti nulla fides*, I confess I cannot help feeling a little prejudiced in favor of our new legislators from their appearance. Those who are here in general look like men of business, and appear to feel the importance of the business they have come here upon." And this estimate is borne out by the account of one of these very legislators, who described the new Congress as "composed of sober, solid, old-charter folks. However, though I am rather less awed and terrified at the sight of the members than I expected to be, I assure you I like them very well. There are few shining geniuses; there are many who have experience, the virtues of the heart, and the habits of business. It will be a republican assembly. It looks like one."

At last, on April 1st, the House of Representatives made a quorum, as did likewise the Senate six days later, and on the 6th of April, in joint session, the returns were opened, and George Washington was found to be elected President by sixty-nine votes, being all cast, and John Adams Vice-President by thirty-four votes. No sooner was the result known than the Congress appointed Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the old Congress, to notify Washington of his election, and Sylvanus Bourne to do the same to John Adams. Then they appointed committees to hire and properly furnish a house for the President, to plan the inaugural ceremonies, and to decide whether the future head of our government should be styled "His Excellency," "His Serene Highness," "His High Mightiness," or "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties."

Thomson used all speed in bearing the letter to Mount Vernon, but his news, or rather the knowledge of what that news was to be, was many days before him, so that Washington had been making preparations for his absence from his farm, and had imitated that almost historic old lady who declared with such pleasure "that she had borrowed money enough to pay off her debts." Indeed he had done more, for he had not only borrowed five hundred pounds, so that he might leave Virginia without fear of his unpaid taxes or duns following him to New York, but, as an after-thought, had obtained an additional hundred pounds to defray his expenses from Mount Vernon to New York. It would be interesting to know how many of our Presidents have made their inaugural journey on borrowed capital, and how much of this particular hundred pounds was left at the taverns and inns for the items of "punch" and "toddy" which cut such important figures in Washington's tavern bills in his journeys.

Thomson arrived at Mount Vernon on the 14th of April, and though only accompanied by two of Washington's friends from the neighboring city of Alexandria, yet such was the formality of the time that the delivery of the letter was prefaced by a sufficiently florid and grandiloquent speech to have satisfied a crowd of reporters, had the press of that day been in the habit of sending "special correspondents"; and Washington replied with one of equal length, after which, we presume, the audience of three dined with the General. Then, after giving Thomson a day's rest, "About ten o'clock I [Washington] bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York, in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphrys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." And in confidence he wrote to a friend, "that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution." Yet there never was a President who came into office with fewer personal or political enemies, and this journey was the most triumphal progress ever given an uncrowned head.

The testifying of the people's love and veneration for the Father of his Country began at Alexandria, but a couple of hours journey from the start, where he was met by all the F. F. V.'s of that town, "partook of an elegant collation," and received and answered a highly eulogistic address from the "Mayor, Corporation, and Citizens." Then he once more entered his carriage and drove on to Georgetown, so near the spot—then nothing but farms—which was soon to become the seat of empire, and to commemorate for all time this man's services to his country; and here, after a reception, the little party spent the night. The afternoon of the next day brought him into Baltimore, where a committee had already been making preparations for his reception, and where he was met several miles out of town by "a large body of respectable citizens on horseback, and conducted, under a discharge of cannon, to Mr. Grant's tavern, through crowds of admiring spectators." Then, after giving "this venerable Heroe" time to rest and refresh himself, he was waited on by a large number of citizens, and "the hour [5 P. M.] being too late for public dinner," he was offered and accepted an invitation to supper, after which, at ten o'clock, he retired for the night. At half past five the next morning he was once more entering his carriage, and escorted for some miles by a body of citizens, set out for Philadelphia.

There the most elaborate preparations were being made for his reception. "On the 18th instant his Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Esq., President of the State, the Honourable Richard Peters, Esq., Speaker of our Legislature, and the old City Troop of Horse, commanded by Col. Miles, proceeded as far as the line between this State and that of Delaware, under the pleasing expectation of meeting our beloved Washington, President-General of the United States. We were, however, disappointed, as he did not arrive at the line till early the next morning, when we were joined by another troop from the city, commanded by Captain Bingham. After paying him the tribute of military honour due to his rank and exalted character, by proper salutes and otherwise, we escorted him into Chester, where we breakfasted, and rested perhaps a couple of hours. This great and worthy man, finding he could not possibly elude the parade which necessarily must attend manifestations of joy and affection when displayed by a grateful people to their patriot benefactor, ordered his carriages into the rear of the whole line, and mounted an elegant horse.... Thus we proceeded to Mr. Gray's bridge, on the Schuylkill, observing the strictest order and regularity during the march. The bridge was highly decorated with laurel and other evergreens, by Mr. Gray himself, the ingenious Mr. Peale, and others, and in such a style as to display uncommon taste in these gentlemen.—At each end there were erected magnificent arches, composed of laurel, emblematical of the ancient triumphal arches used by the Romans, and on each side of the bridge a laurel shrubbery, which seemed to challenge even nature herself for simplicity, ease, and elegance.—And as our beloved Washington passed the bridge, a lad, beautifully ornamented with sprigs of laurel, assisted by a certain machinery, let drop above the Heroe's head, unperceived by him, a civic crown of laurel.—There was also a very elegant display of variegated flags on each side of the bridge, as well as other places, which alternately caught the eye, and filled the spectator's soul with admiration and delight.—

"But who can describe the heart-felt gratulations of more than twenty thousand free citizens, who lined every fence, field, and avenue between the bridge and city? The aged Sire, the venerable Matron, the blooming Virgin, and the ruddy youth were all emulous in their plaudits—nay, the lisping infant did not withhold its innocent smile of praise and approbation. In short, all classes and descriptions of citizens discovered (and they felt what they discovered) the most undisguised attachment and unbounded zeal for their dear Chief, and I may add, under God, the saviour of their country.—Not all the pomp of majesty, not even imperial dignity itself, surrounded with its usual splendour and magnificence, could equal this interesting scene. On approaching near the city our illustrious Chief was highly gratified with a further military display of infantry, commanded by Captain James Rees, and artillery, commanded by Captain Jeremiah Fisher. The corps joined in the procession, and thousands of freemen, whose hearts burned with patriotic fire, also fell into the ranks almost every square we marched, until the column swelled beyond credibility itself, and having conducted the man of our hearts to the City Tavern, he was introduced to a very grand and plentiful banquet, which was prepared for him by the citizens. At dinner a number of patriotic toasts were drank. The pleasures and festivity of the day being over, they were succeeded by a handsome display of fireworks in the evening. Yesterday morning, after receiving and answering several addresses, he set off for New York. The city troops of light-horse paraded at ten o'clock in order to accompany him to Trenton, but his Excellency, being obliged, on account of the rain, to ride in his carriage, insisted upon declining the honour they had intended for him; for he could not, he said, think of travelling under cover while they were exposed to the rain on horseback."

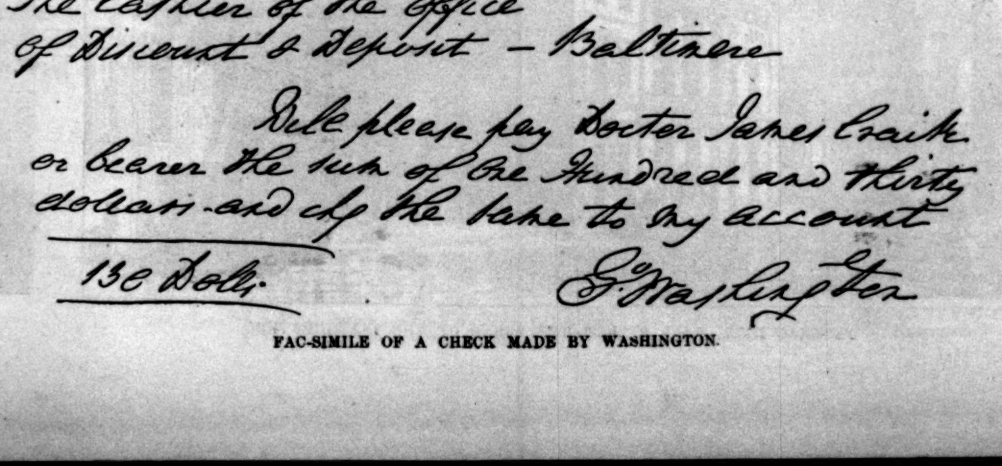
At Trenton his reception was equally magnificent. "A troop of horse, commanded by Captain Carle, a company of infantry, commanded by Captain Hanlor, completely equipped in full uniform, with a large concourse of gentlemen and inhabitants of the town and neighborhood, lined the bank of the Delaware to hail his arrival. As soon as he set foot on the Jersey shore he was welcomed with three huzzas, which made the shores re-echo the cheerful sounds; and being saluted by the Horse and Infantry, was escorted to town in the following order:

A Party of Horse
The Light-Infantry
His Excellency on horseback
Attended by Mr. Secretary Thomson and Col. Humphrys
The Light-Horse
The Gentlemen of the town and neighborhood
on horseback

When the procession arrived at the bridge, which lies south of the town, they were surprised with a scene to which no description can do justice. As Trenton had been made twice memorable during the war—once by the Capture of the Hessians, and again by the repulse of the whole British army in their attempt to cross this bridge the evening before the battle of Princeton—a design was formed by the ladies of this place, and carried into execution solely under their direction, to testify to his Excellency by the celebration of these actions the grateful sense they retained of the safety and protection afforded by him to the daughters of New Jersey. A triumphal arch was raised on the bridge 20 feet wide, supported by thirteen pillars. The centre of the arch from the ground was about 20 feet. Each pillar was entwined with wreaths of evergreen. The arch, which extended about 12 feet along the bridge, was covered with laurel, and decorated on the inside with evergreens and flowers. On the front of the arch, or that side to which his Excellency approached, was the following Inscription in large Gilt letters:

The Defender of the Mothers
Will be the Protector of the Daughters

The upper and lower sides of this Inscription were ornamented with wreaths of evergreens, and artificial flowers of all kinds, made for the purpose, beautifully interspersed. On the centre of the arch, above the inscription, was a Dome or Cupola of flowers and evergreens, encircling the dates of those glorious actions, inscribed in large gilt letters. The summit of the Dome displayed a large Sunflower, which, pointing to the Sun, was designed to express this



Mount Vernon May 16th 1798

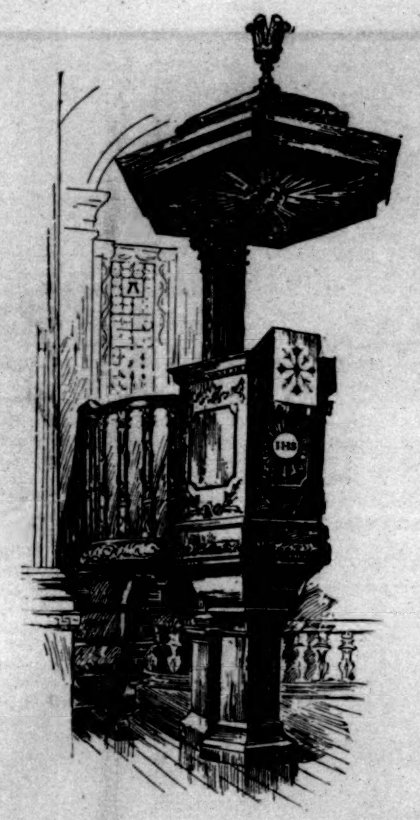
The Cashier of the Office
of Discount & Deposit — Baltimore

Will please pay Doctor James Craik
or bearer the sum of One Hundred and thirty
dollars — and charge the same to my account

130 Dolls.

G. Washington

FAC-SIMILE OF A CHECK MADE BY WASHINGTON.



THE OLD PULPIT IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

sentiment or motto, 'To You Alone,' as emblematical of the unparalleled unanimity of sentiment in the millions of the United States. A numerous train of ladies, leading their daughters in their hands, assembled at the arch, thus to thank their Defender and Protector."

The next day brought him to Woodbridge, where the party, now increased in size by the joining of Governor William Livingston and others, spent the night at the old "John Manning Inn," and on the 23d of April, escorted by companies of militia from Newark, Connecticut Farms, and Elizabeth Town, with a large body of citizens as well, he set out for Elizabeth Town. There he remained long enough to have a reception by the towns-people, "partake of a repast," and "receive a federal salutation," after which he drove on to Elizabeth Town Point, where he reviewed the New Jersey troops, and then embarked for New York, but without entirely ridding himself of his New Jersey escort, for a sloop laden with New Jersey ladies, yclept in the contemporary account "the fair daughters of Columbia," accompanied him part of the way up the bay, and "enlivened the scene by singing a variety of expressive and animated airs."

In the mean time, while our President was making such a triumphal passage from the Southern States to New York, John Adams was receiving an almost equal one in his trip from Quincy to this city, and owing to his earlier arrival, had already been duly inducted to his office, so that the people were quite free to lavish their whole attention on Washington when he should arrive.

Great had been the preparations for his reception. The Walter Franklin house at the junction of Queen (now Pearl) and Cherry streets, at that time quite on the outskirts of the town, had been hired and furnished for his residence. Committees from the two Houses of Congress had been appointed to receive him on the Jersey shore, an "elegant" barge, costing nearly £300, "between forty and fifty feet long, and moulded on the finest model," had been built and launched especially to "waft the great Washington across the Hudson," and this reception programme had been drawn up and published in the newspapers:

"The following arrangement is agreed upon by his Excellency the Governor and the principal officers of the State and city for the reception of the President of the United States:

"1. A deputation of State officers, to consist of his Honor the Chancellor and the Adjutant-General, accompanied by a deputation from the corporation of the city of New York, to consist of the Recorder, will receive his Excellency the President of the United States on the Jersey shore.

"2. A salute will be fired from the Battery immediately on the President's embarkation.

"3. Should he pass the Battery, a second salute will be fired on his passing; and should he land in the city without passing the Battery, the second salute shall be fired on his landing.

"4. His Excellency the Governor and the principal officers of the State, and

"5. The Mayor and the principal officers of the corporation will attend, and receive the President on his landing, and thence accompany him to his house. The citizens who attend on the occasion will form in such manner as that the President and his attendants may conveniently pass through their ranks.

"6. The Volunteers of the Legion of Gen. Malcom's brigade and Col. Bauman's regiment of artillery will parade in their uniforms.

"7. Immediately after the salute of the President's landing the bells of the several churches, etc., will ring, and continue ringing for half an hour.

"8. The colors of the Fort and of the vessels in the harbor will be displayed on firing the first salute.

"9. The city will be illuminated from seven to nine o'clock in the evening."

The passage across the bay was no less of an ovation than the previous part of the journey. After the festivities thrust upon him on the Jersey shore, Washington had been welcomed by the committees of Congress, consisting of John Langdon, Charles Carroll, William Samuel Johnson, Elias Boudinot, Egbert Benson, Theodorick Bland, Thomas Tudor Tucker, and John Lawrence, and the State and city officials, consisting of Robert R. Livingston and Richard Varick, and with them embarked in the barge, which was commanded by Commodore James Nicholson, and rowed by twelve New York pilots, while a thirteenth, Thomas Randall, acted as cockswain. Many boats joined the barge as it neared the city, some bearing distinguished people, such as the Board of Treasury and the Secretaries of Foreign Affairs and War, while others were crowded by ordinary spectators; and from one, containing some twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, was sung the following "Ode on the Arrival of the President of the United States," which had been specially composed by Samuel Low, the great local rhymer of the day, who, with probably unconscious satire, had set it to the air of what we call "God save the Queen," but which at that time was serving quite as well for that monarch with whom we had but lately had that little unpleasantness:

"Hail, bright auspicious day!
Long shall America
Thy praise resound.
Joy to our native land!
Let every heart expand,
For Washington's at hand
With glory crown'd!

"*Columbia's* children, hail!
Behold, before the gale
Your chieftain comes;
The matchless hero's nigh.
Now raise your plaudits high;
With trumpets rend the sky,
And martial drums.

"Illustrious warrior, hail!
Oft did thy sword prevail
O'er hosts of foes.
Come and fresh laurels claim;
Still dearer make thy name
Long as immortal Fame
Her trumpet blows.

"Thrice welcome to this shore
Our leader now no more,
But ruler thou.
Oh, truly good and great!
Long live to glad our State,
Where countless honors wait
To deck thy brow.

"Hush'd be the din of arms;
Henceforth the olive's charms
Shall war preclude.
These shores a head shall own
Unsullied by a throne—
Our much lov'd Washington,
The great, the good!"

All the vessels in the harbor, which was not saying much, "were dressed, manned, and highly decorated"; and as the President's boat passed his Catholic Majesty's sloop of war *Galveston* she fired a salute of thirteen guns, as did also the private merchant vessel *North Carolina*, and the guns on the Battery. Small wonder that an eye-witness states that "the whole scene was highly animated—moving in regular order, the grand Gala formed an object the most interesting imaginable."

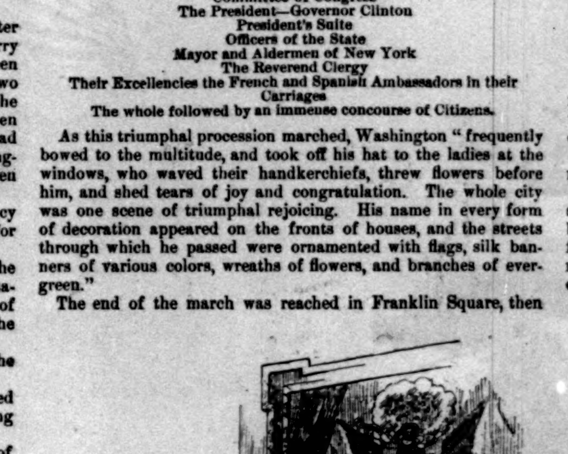
The debarkation took place at Murray Wharf, at the foot of Wall Street, which had been draped and hung with crimson trimmings, and a carpet spread from the steps to the carriage which was in waiting to take him to his future home. "Innumerable multitudes thronged the shores, the wharves, and the shipping, waiting with pleasing anticipation his arrival." At the steps he was received by a salute from Colonel Bauman's artillery (last heard by him on the night that Hamilton's and Deuxpont's battalions had carried the redoubts at Yorktown, and so gained us peace), and was welcomed by Governor Clinton, Lieutenant-Governor Van Courtlandt, Mayor Duane, Sheriff Boyd, the clergy, and all the "first citizens."

After this informal reception, Washington declining to ride, the procession formed itself and moved up Wall Street, and so into Queen (Pearl) Street in the following order:

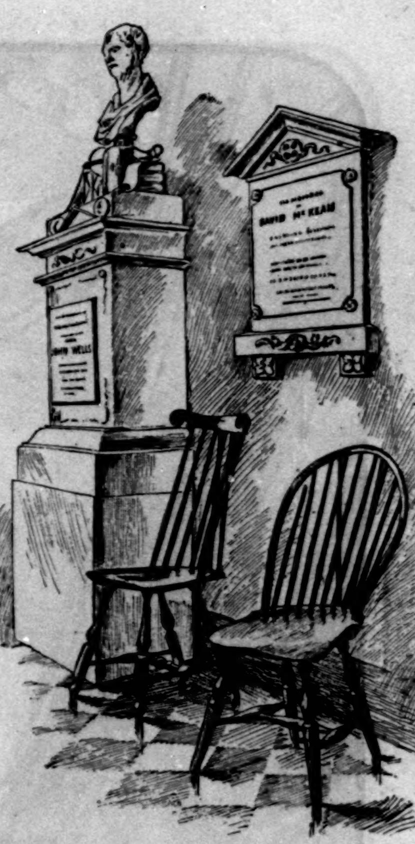
Col. Lewis
Accompanied by Majors Norton and Van Horne
Troop of Dragoons
Captain Stakes
German Grenadiers
Captain Scriba
Band of Musick
Infantry of the Brigade
Captains Swartout and Steddiford
Grenadiers
Captain Harsin
Regiment of Artillery
Col. Bauman
Band of Musick
General Malcom and Aid
Officers of the Militia—Two and Two
Committee of Congress
The President—Governor Clinton
President's Suite
Officers of the State
Mayor and Aldermen of New York
The Reverend Clergy
Their Excellencies the French and Spanish Ambassadors in their Carriages
The whole followed by an immense concourse of Citizens.

As this triumphal procession marched, Washington "frequently bowed to the multitude, and took off his hat to the ladies at the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, threw flowers before him, and shed tears of joy and congratulation. The whole city was one scene of triumphal rejoicing. His name in every form of decoration appeared on the fronts of houses, and the streets through which he passed were ornamented with flags, silk banners of various colors, wreaths of flowers, and branches of evergreen."

The end of the march was reached in Franklin Square, then



THE PEW OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON IN ST. PAUL'S.



AN ANTIQUE CORNER IN ST. PAUL'S.

only partially built up, and still shaded by many trees, and as soon as Washington was escorted into the first "White House" at the head of the square he was waited upon with congratulations by all the foreign ministers, statesmen, officers, both civil and military, public bodies, and many private citizens. Then after a short rest he dined at Governor Clinton's informally, while the whole city illuminated in honor of his arrival. It was certainly symbolical of the death of the discord between the Federalists and Antifederalists that the two shining lights of these parties should dine peacefully together, just as that government over which there had been such discord and intense bitterness was to be finally completed and put in force.

After consultation between the committees of Congress and Washington, the 30th of April was agreed upon for the inauguration, and in the intervening time they were, comparatively speaking, given a little time of rest, which he used by calling on each Senator and Representative, and the Congress spent in discussing the tariff, at that time a brand-new question only twelve days old. But the city was hard at work getting ready for "the day of days," and was fast becoming crowded, for two new arrivals wrote, "While we are waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's [Inn], in Maiden Lane, till after dinner, two of our beaux are running about town determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at which can be had for love, money, or the most persuasive speeches"; and this same penman announced her intention to "remain here if we have to sleep in tents, as many will have to do."

On Wednesday, April 29th, the day before the inauguration, *The Gazette of the United States*, with rare journalistic enterprise for those days, when it was thought sufficient to note an event a week or two after it had occurred, announced the coming great event in the following way:

"We have heard much of the BIRTHDAY of Columbia: her natal hour is dated the 19th of April [Battle of Lexington], 1775.

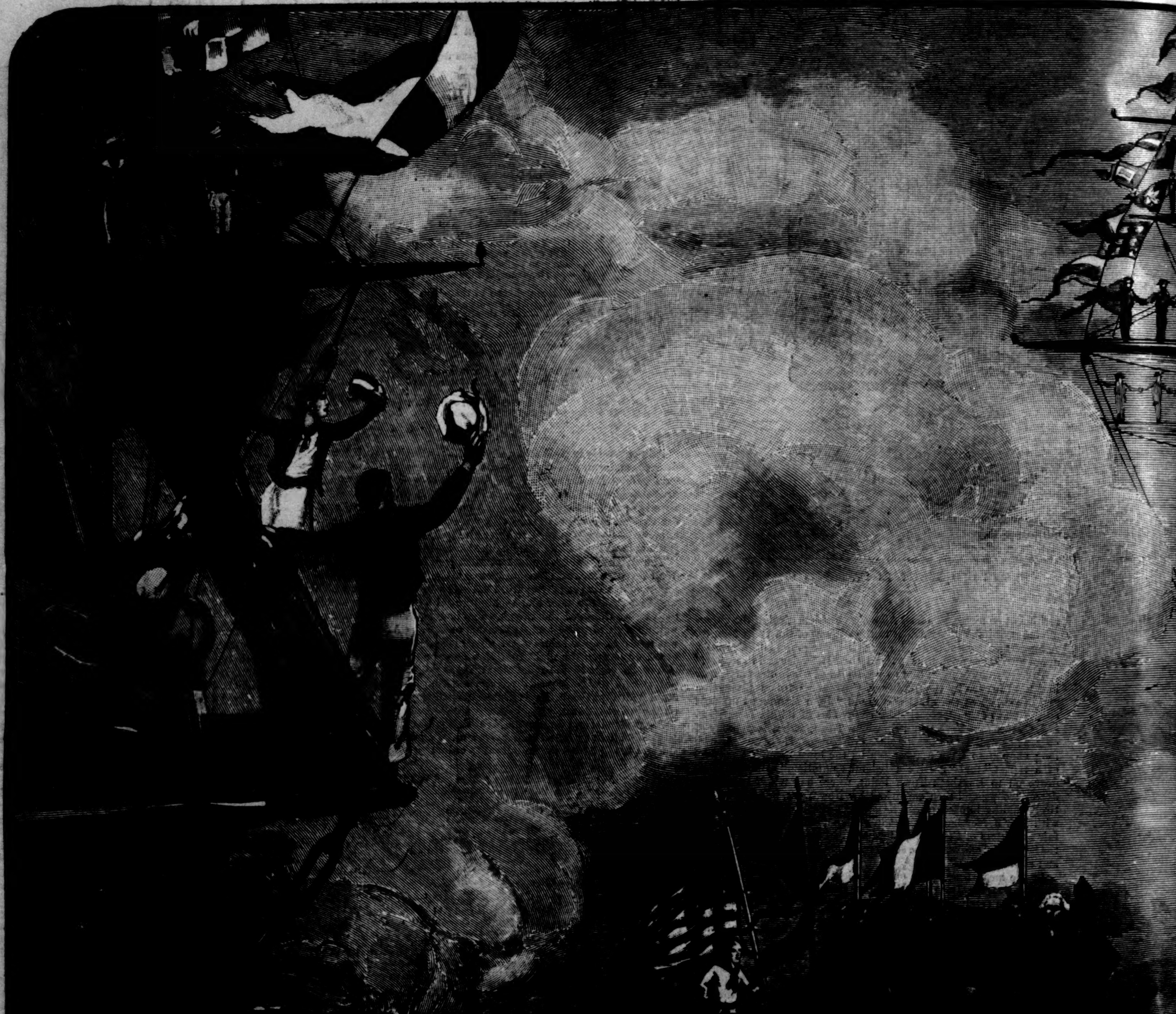
"TO-MORROW is the Day of her Espousals—when, in presence of the King of kings, the solemn Compact will be ratified between her and the darling object of her choice. May she date from that moment the Brightest Scenes of Freedom and Happiness, under the auspices of the wise and glorious Administration of the PRESIDENT OF HER AFFECTIONS."

The 30th of April, as if friendly to the new government, dawned pleasant. The ceremonies of the day were planned to begin with services held in every church in the city, and though the Episcopal clergy at first declined to hold it without orders from the government, this difficulty was overcome, and at nine o'clock the twelve churches of the city sent forth their summons to "the immense concourse" which had spent the night in town or were now riding in from the neighboring villages of Greenwich and Harlem, or were being ferried across in the flat-bottom ferry-boats of that day from the Long Island and Jersey shores. Shortly after this service the Congress met, and after much amusing discussion as to how the President was to be received, finally arranged matters, and then, owing to the non-attendance of their own committee on Washington, had the pleasure of waiting, both branches crowded into one room, more than an hour for his arrival. No wonder that one Senator, who tells us that he was dressed in his best clothes, and was no doubt greatly discomforted thereby, should write, "Goddess of Etiquette assist me."

In the mean time, while the Senators, who had seats, and the Representatives, who had not, were waiting, Franklin Square was a scene to behold. Here was Colonel Morgan Lewis, the man in command, here was Captain Stakes with a troop of horse, Major Van Horne with his artillery, grenadiers under Captain Harsin, "Captain Scriba and his German grenadiers," and Majors Bicker and Christie with a brigade of infantry, to say nothing of civil officers, populace, and carriages, all crowded into this small spot, and all waiting for the three Senators who were so much interested in the debates on whether the Vice-President was to receive the President sitting or standing that they quite forgot their duty of attendance on the President. At least they gave Washington sufficient time to array himself "in a complete suit of Homespun Cloaths, but the Cloth of so fine a fabric, and so handsomely finished that it was universally mistaken for foreign manufactured superfine Cloth," which is somewhat more described in detail by another witness as "deep brown, with metal buttons with an eagle on them, white stockings, a bag, and sword."

At last, about half past twelve, the troops led off the procession, being followed by the committee of the Senate, then came the car-

(*Continued on page 362.*)



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[TH]ROUGH THE FLEET.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

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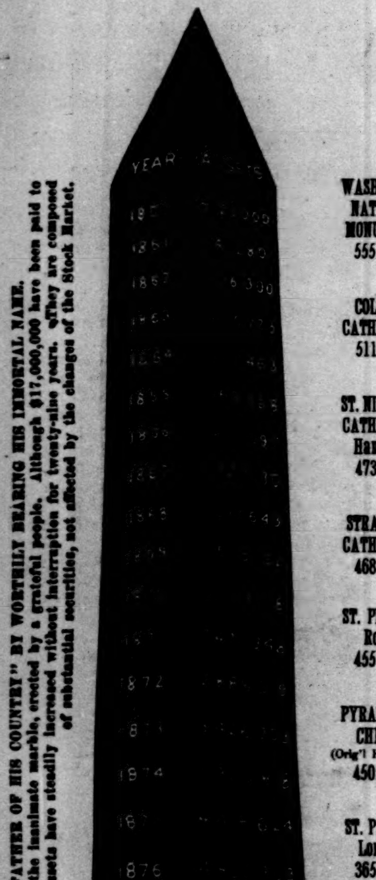

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Issues all desirable forms of Life and Endowment Insurance, including its popular Semi-Endowment, which is better than a "Semi-Tontine," by as much as a definite is always better than an indefinite contract. THE WASHINGTON Semi-Endowments guarantee better results than Semi-Tontines.

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Of THE WASHINGTON guarantees to the holder of a $1000 Policy $1500 at maturity. A Policy for $5000 is a contract for $7500. A Policy for $10,000 is a contract for $15,000.

Say the amount of the Policy is $30,000, the insured is guaranteed at maturity $30,000 CASH and a paid-up Life Policy for $15,000; total, $45,000, together with all accumulated and unused dividends.

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IT STANDS ALONE.

LAW OFFICES OF EX-JUDGE THOMAS R. ELCOCK,
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Dear Sir,—It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt this A. M. of your Company's check in settlement of death-claim under Policy No. 43,321.

I desire to make **Special Mention** of what I consider a very commendable practice of your Company, and particularly **as it stands alone in this feature** in its relations to other companies—that is, its method of protecting policies from lapsing **by appropriating each policy's share of the Company's profits in keeping the policy from forfeiture** when the premium is not paid at the time it falls due, as in the case of my client.

Though his premium was due September 5th, last, and unpaid at the time of his death, November 17th, the dividend of 1887 passed to his policy's credit **kept the insurance intact, and saved the amount of the policy to his family.** Yours, very truly, THOMAS R. ELCOCK,
Counsel for Beneficiary.

To the General Agent of the Washington Life Insurance Co. of New York.

THE VAST ADVANTAGE to the holder of a policy in THE WASHINGTON—an advantage not furnished by any other Company—is its Non-forfeitable Dividends," and **"dividends applied as premiums,"** in a manner clearly expressed in the policy, and in strict conformity to the terms of the charter. This unique and valuable feature is strongly set forth in the Statement from the records of the Company, **that within the last seven years alone 4464 policies, insuring $11,502,740, have been saved to policy-holders of the Washington by non-forfeitable Dividends.**

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Are known to the public of families being benefited by this dividend protection in the policies of THE WASHINGTON—instances in which premiums had not been paid for months, and in some cases for years. **Meanwhile the husband, father, or brother having died, the full sum of the insurance of $1000, $3000, $5000, $10,000, etc., has been paid to the family.**

Nor is this all; many a man, in a business emergency, has been tempted or compelled to postpone the payment of his premium through the urgency of an unforeseen demand upon his resources. In all such cases the dividend to the credit of a policy not only carries the insurance, but it does more—**it prevents the policy itself from expiring or becoming forfeited.** While thus sustained by the dividend the holder may pay his premium, and that without medical certificate, or any question as to the condition of his health, **the policy being held to be as binding upon the Company as though the premium had been paid promptly when due.**

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FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING, AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

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SOME folks after buying an article will destroy or throw away the directions without reading them. Now and again some such person will say rats won't eat ROUGH ON RATS. If asked how they used it, it will be found they sprinkled it about, or at most, mixed it with a little flour or meal. Ask a complainer if he tried ROUGH ON RATS mixed with lard, grease, or butter and spread on bread, cut in pieces and laid about; or if he put it on raw or cooked meat, the leavings of fish, clams, oysters; or if he has mixed it with cheese; or if he has mixed it with eggs and meal or grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food rats could get at; to all of which he will probably answer no. Now it's a notorious fact, known all over the world, that ROUGH ON RATS has never been equalled as a rat, mouse, insect, and vermin destroyer; and the cause of any failure is due to the stupid dullness or carelessness of the person setting it, rather than the inefficacy of the article. Occasionally an individual is found who will say the rats eat *some* of the ROUGH ON RATS but it don't kill them. He don't see any dead ones. If asked if he hears or sees any live ones he says no. Is it necessary that you see the dead ones? So long as you are clear of rats and mice what more do you want? If occasionally a few scattering ones are left, set ROUGH ON RATS again, using some other material to mix it with. ROUGH ON RATS is a slow but sure poison. It is not necessary that each and every rat get the dose set. If a few of them get it, it makes them so sick and miserable they will kick up such a rumpus and suffer so much that all are terrified and scared from the dreaded premises, and those that do get the dose—in their misery, work their way out of the building in search of relief and water, and die or stroll away. Thus your house is completely rid of vermin, and it is not necessary that you see dead or dying rats lying about to convince you. EVERY time you set or reset ROUGH ON RATS use a different medium or vehicle to mix it with.

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